

# Américas

FEBRUARY . . . 1961

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# Américas

Volume 13, Number 2, February 1961

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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### Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization  
of American States, Washington 6, D.C., U.S.A.  
José A. Mora, Secretary General  
William Sanders, Assistant Secretary General

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### Cover

Baiana dancer in samba school parade at Rio de Janeiro carnival  
(see page 13). Photograph by Kurt Severin

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**Subscriptions:** Address all orders or inquiries to Sales and Promotion Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. Rates \$4.00 for one year, \$7.00 for two years, \$9.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada, or for the English edition in other countries of the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain; add one dollar extra for postage to countries outside the Union. Single copies 35¢. Please allow two months for change of address, and include the old as well as the new address. For information on microfilms of AMÉRICAS, address University Microfilms, 313 North First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Opposite: Portrait of Peruvian colonial lady, descendant of Inca Huayna Capac, in collection of Ambassador Fernando Berckemeyer, Washington, D.C.

## MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

• What social problems in the Hemisphere deserve first priority on the agendas of the policy makers? We asked this of five of the specialists who were brought together as an OAS advisory committee on social matters. Their individual views, gathered by our three staff members, and the main recommendations from the committee's report, are covered in this month's lead article, "Prescription for Social Ills," on page 3.

• "Speaking of the United States," page 34, marks our initial effort to offer you a periodic report on cultural trends in the various OAS member states. José Ferrater Mora, the author, is a professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr College. His latest book, *The Present Situation in Philosophy*, was published last summer simultaneously in New York and Madrid. He recently participated in a panel discussion on "The United States in the Eyes of the World." We plan to carry this feature on a regular basis soon. Please let us know your reaction to it.

• About four years ago AMÉRICAS readers were taken on an armchair trip up the Amazon. You will find that things have changed considerably there when you read Lilo Linke's "Down the Amazon" on page 7. Miss Linke, on the editorial staff of the Quito newspaper *El Comercio*, has been a frequent contributor to AMÉRICAS.

• This month carnival will be celebrated in many countries. One side of Rio de Janeiro's lavish spectacle is shown in the picture story "Samba Schools in Rio," on page 13. Photos are by Kurt Severin and text is by AMÉRICAS editor George Meek.

• The work and opinions of a Dutch-born artist who calls Ecuador his home, Jan Schreuder, are discussed by AMÉRICAS editor Flora L. Phelps on page 17. Schreuder recently exhibited his collages at the Pan American Union.

• Uruguayan Juana de Ibarbourou, well known in the American nations and in Europe for the many books of poetry and novels she has written in the past forty years, is affectionately called "Juana de América." We are happy to print a new short story by her, "Dido's Journey" (page 21). It was illustrated by Alberto Dutary of Panama, who has just had a one-man show at the Union.

• An account of the ups and downs of mountaineering in the Andes is Nigel Rogers' "Conquering Peruvian Peaks" on page 24. Rogers, twenty-eight, is a lecturer at Birmingham University in England. He has climbed in the Alps and in the Western Himalayas.

• For a report on initial activities of the Inter-American Development Bank, turn to page 28 to read a condensation of the remarks made by its president, Felipe Herrera, at the Special Meeting of Senior Governmental Representatives to Strengthen the IA-ECOSOC.

• "Ballet in Chile," on page 30, was written by Vicente Salas Viu, who is director of the University of Chile's Central Library and Music Research Institute, and professor of music history at the National Conservatory. From 1952 to 1958 he directed the University's Institute of Musical Extension.

# THE OAS

## IN ACTION

### MEETING IN MAY

At the request of some governments, and after obtaining the approval of the Ecuadorian Foreign Ministry, the OAS Council has postponed the date for the opening of the Eleventh Inter-American Conference from March 16 to May 24. The meeting will be held in Quito, the Ecuadorian capital, where several new government buildings have been erected in time for the gathering. The Inter-American Conference is the supreme organ of the OAS. It decides the general action and policy of the Organization, determines the structure and functions of its organs, and has authority to consider any matter relating to friendly relations among the American states. It is supposed to meet every five years. The Tenth Conference was held in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1954.

### ONE CONFLICT SETTLED

For just about one hundred years, Honduras and Nicaragua disputed a strip of land along the Coco or Wanks River on the Caribbean "Mosquito Coast," so named for the local Indians, not insects. In 1906 King Alfonso XIII of Spain, acting as arbiter, awarded the territory to Honduras, but Nicaragua refused to recognize the validity of this decision. The dispute smouldered on, and in 1957 fighting broke out between border troops after Honduras began to organize an administration for the area. Both sides invoked the Rio Treaty, and the OAS Council, acting as Provisional Organ of Consultation under the terms of that pact, sent an investigating committee to the spot, which arranged a cease-fire. Subsequently, the two countries agreed to submit the question to the International Court of Justice at The Hague. On November 18, 1960, the Court ruled that the 1906 award was valid and obligatory, and the Nicaraguan Government quickly announced that it would abide by the decision.

On January 10, 1961, President Ramón Villeda Morales of Honduras and President Luis Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua met at the town of El Espino in the border region, in the presence of OAS Secretary General José A. Mora and the Secretary General of the Organization of Central American States, Marco Tulio Zeledón, to make arrangements for carrying out the ruling. President Villeda Morales hailed the agreement as the most

important event for the two countries since they achieved independence.

### HOUSING COURSE

The ninth postgraduate course in housing will be given at the Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá, Colombia, starting April 3. The OAS will again provide fellowships for one student from each member country. The lectures and seminars of the course will cover construction and design, community planning, financing, administration, and social aspects of housing. Those interested should write to the Center at Apartado Aéreo 6209, Bogotá.

### HIGH-LEVEL PERSONNEL CHANGES

Several changes have been made in secretariat positions at the PAU. Dr. João Gonçalves de Souza, who was filling in as Acting Director of the Department of Economic and Social Affairs, has resumed his duties as Director of the Department of Technical Cooperation. Dr. Jorge Sol Castellanos, the Assistant Secretary for Economic and Social Affairs, has temporarily taken on the additional duties of Director of Economic Affairs in the Department, while Prof. Ángel Palerm, former Executive Officer of the PAU, has been named Director of Social Affairs. Dr. Jesse D. Perkinson is now entitled Director of Science Development in the Department of Cultural Affairs. Dr. Juan M. Campos-Catelin has been named to the new post of Deputy Director of Technical Cooperation.

### A SERVICE TO SCHOLARS

The Pan American Union and the New York Public Library have made an agreement with G. K. Hall and Company, Boston publishers, under which a quarterly Index to Current Latin American Periodicals in the fields of the humanities and the social sciences will be compiled and published.

Libraries and specialists in Latin American affairs have long felt the need for such a publication, which would be a counterpart to the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature printed in the United States. The New York Public Library and the PAU will do the indexing, starting with a basic list of some three hundred periodical publications, and the Hall Company will print and distribute it. Subject headings will be in Spanish with cross references to an English list. Anyone desiring to subscribe should write to that company, at 97 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass. The price will be \$17.50 a year for delivery in the United States and \$20 a year for mailings abroad.







# PRESCRIPTION FOR SOCIAL ILLS



*Living standards in rural Latin America are low. Farm family near Guayaquil, Ecuador*

## **OAS Advisory Committee looks at Latin America's problems**

**GEORGE C. COMPTON**

THE AMERICAN COUNTRIES are beset by social problems obstructing the path of economic development. Which of them should be given first priority? In which areas can cooperative inter-American action contribute most, and what specifically can the OAS do to help? To get some unbiased expert advice on these questions, in order to help orient the Organization's work plans and policies, a dozen outstanding social scientists were brought to Washington for two weeks of down-to-earth discussions in December. Many different fields and interests were represented in the group. There were Father José Rafael Arboleda, chairman of the anthropology department of the Javerian Catholic University in Bogotá, Colombia; José Irineu Cabral, executive director of the Rural Credit and Assistance Association of Brazil; Oscar Chávez Esquivel, director of the Department of Economic and Social Research of the University of Costa Rica; and Howard F. Cline, director of the Hispanic Foundation in the U.S. Library of Congress. Eusebio Dávalos Hurtado, director of the National Institute of Anthropology and History in Mexico City, was on hand, along with Manuel Diégues Júnior, program director of the Institute of Social Sciences in Rio de Janeiro, and Clifford Evans, archaeologist at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. From the University of Chile came sociologist Hernán Godoy; from the University of Chicago Bert Hoselitz, director of the Research Center in Economic Development and Social Change; from Yale University, anthropologist Sidney W. Mintz. Richard M. Morse came from the Institute of Caribbean Studies he directs at the University of Puerto Rico, and sociologist José Agustín Silva Michelena from the Central University of Venezuela. This OAS Advisory Committee on Social Matters met in the undisturbed seclusion of the Board Room of the American Institute of Architects in the classic Octagon House.

In their report, these specialists laid stress on urban as well as rural problems. Recognizing the widespread demand for agrarian reform, they pointed out that this should be not merely a redistribution of land or change in the tenancy laws, but an integrated process including adequately supported measures to improve the economic

position of the farmers and their farming techniques. This would involve better credit facilities, encouragement of cooperatives, expanded agricultural extension services, and education of farm families in more rational production and consumption. Community development, to interest everyone in common projects, was cited as an essential element, and internal colonization of unused or inadequately used lands was recommended as a complementary action.

"In some respects," the report points out, "the problems requiring social action within the urban setting in Latin America are even more important and pressing than those in the rural setting." In the rapidly growing urban and industrial centers, the creation of jobs has lagged behind the number of new workers, most of whom have had little training. This has led to unemployment and very low standards of living in this sector of the population:

Our staff members collared five of the committee members after the final session and asked about their individual priority rating of the problems and suggestions as to what the OAS could do.

### **HERNÁN GODOY**

Chilean Dr. Hernán Godoy spoke urgently for the training of social-science personnel who can apply their knowledge to solve human problems.

"The dramatic changes in the population of Latin America in recent decades have brought about a social situation about which we really know virtually nothing. Throughout the continent, hundreds of thousands of people have left the small towns and farms to move to the great cities in search of new jobs and a better life. They have not found these things. Instead, they are living in vast slums. And what is worse, they are emotionally uprooted and socially disoriented. When they were at home, they knew who they were. They lived among their relatives, they knew their neighbors well, they understood how the society operated, who were the leaders, who made the decisions and controlled the affairs of the community. Each man knew how he fitted into the society, what his duties and privileges were; he knew what posi-

tions of authority he might be called upon to fill when he got older, and he knew what sanctions society would apply to him if he failed to meet the accepted standards of behavior.

"For the migrants, all this is gone now. A family moving to the big city slums builds its shanty wherever it finds space, out of old pieces of tin and cardboard. On the outskirts of some cities, three hundred thousand people live like this. What kind of community organization do they have, these thousands of strangers? What groups do they form, what leaders develop, in what ways do people help each other, what is the social code for proper behavior here? These are the problems about which we have almost no information. How can the governments, the economists, the educators, or anybody else plan for the development of a society about which so little is known?

"So, the first thing to be done is to train scientific investigators who can find out what the actual situation is. They must learn modern methods of field work, and not rely on the traditional 'armchair' orientation of sociologists in Latin America. To do this we must begin by providing more professors, either from Latin America or from abroad, who will give the basic training to university students so that there will be a sufficient number qualified for advanced studies. The OAS has begun to do this, through its program for exchange of professors and its two programs for advanced training in social sciences, and I hope it will be able to do this more extensively. It should do it by helping the national centers that are now the most advanced and closest to being well qualified, and by supporting research.

"Basic information is also needed on many other problems. An important but little realized aspect of illiteracy is the part played by the value systems of the people. There is evidence that many illiterate adults once learned to read and write, but have since forgotten. Why? Because in their set of values this skill was not important. Further, many children drop out of school after one year, because their fathers do not see how schooling will be of help to them. So I think the problem of illiteracy will never be solved merely by providing schools and teachers. There is a wide divergence between the goals of the family and the goals of the society. We must study the structure of the family—I suspect there are really many kinds of family structure—so we will understand the motivations and value systems by which they live now, and be able to show them what an education can mean to them.

"Another way in which the OAS could help the work of social sciences and facilitate their contribution to the development of Latin America would be to publish a news bulletin that would give up-to-date information on the activities of professional people in the field. It could give brief reports on which people are working at each center, what books are being written, and what research projects are being undertaken. The lack of communication between colleagues in different countries is one of the major problems in the social sciences today. The PAU's new *Revista de Ciencias Sociales* will be most helpful in this respect."

The other important problem he saw was the need to "professionalize" the social sciences. This means both to set higher and more uniform standards for the people in these professions and to achieve recognition of their professional status by the community, in order that they may contribute more effectively to the planning and execution of programs for social development in their own countries.

#### EUSEBIO DÁVALOS HURTADO

Another who stressed the need for good training of technicians in the social sciences, and education of the communities so that they will make use of the technicians and not let their skills go to waste, was Dr. Eusebio Dávalos Hurtado of Mexico. The community, he pointed out, must be prepared for receiving technical aid, so it will make the most of it. For example, many Indians have a superstitious distrust of aid that must be overcome before they can be induced to accept improvements.

He cited OAS Technical Cooperation Project 104, which trains students in applied social sciences, as the best kind of thing the OAS can do in the social field. As director of the National Institute of Anthropology and History, parent agency of the National School of Anthropology and History that gives the classes, Dr. Dávalos has followed this program very closely. A major feature is that, for four months out of the year, the students go into the field in small groups to do research on real social situations. An additional center for this training is planned for the Caribbean area at the University of Puerto Rico, and Mexico, of course, shares concern for the problems of that region, on which it abuts.

When we asked Dr. Dávalos about the relation of economic development and political stability, he declared that they were inextricably interlocked; one cannot be attained without the other.

Dr. Dávalos felt that more emphasis should be placed on the urban than on the rural difficulties. "Although there is an agrarian banner of revolution, the problems of the city are more important, for the migrations from the country to the city have formed enormous groups of people without work and without hope. Attention must be given to meeting their needs in housing, education, and health."

#### JOSÉ IRINEU CABRAL

One who did stress the problems of the countryside was Dr. José Irineu Cabral of Brazil. The private but government-supported rural credit association he directs coordinates the state programs of twelve state associations that

*At final session of OAS Advisory Committee on Social Matters, Dr. Juan Marin (front, left) accepts group's report from Dr. Eusebio Dávalos Hurtado of Mexico*





are working to help the small farmers. "Technical assistance and financial and social help for the rural population are to me the most pressing needs of the Hemisphere today," he told us. "Sharecroppers and squatters don't have their own means to improve their lot; they need help. The present legal structure in many Latin American countries does not, in reality, protect the farmer, although the laws look nice on the books."

Dr. Cabral feels that education can greatly help to strengthen the position of the farmer, but he thinks special courses to teach farmers better agricultural methods should be given, rather than the standard school curriculum.

"What we should be striving for is a 'vertical' increase in agricultural production. With the same expenditure of time and materials the farmers should be able to produce more on the same land.

"We must develop ways to put information about new techniques and crops developed at experiment stations into the hands of the people that could profit most from it—the farmers. In Brazil, for an example, a national agrarian policy trying to serve the internal and external needs of the country might well encourage the production of soybeans instead of cotton. But I don't believe that education and agricultural extension programs alone will solve the basic problems. A well-planned government-sponsored economic approach is needed. Just as we need technical assistance from international agencies we need financial help from organizations such as the OAS and the Inter-American Development Bank to strengthen our credit institutions so that urgently needed loans can be made to the small farmers. Also, the governments must establish effective price policies and support the construction of fixed facilities such as silos and packing houses.

"In general, a redoubled effort should be made to take advantage of natural resources. The Act of Bogotá is good as a guide in this respect. Now we must implement it and turn these programs into concrete actions."

#### OSCAR CHÁVEZ ESQUIVEL

Land reform and credit facilities for the farmer and small businessman were also seen as the most pressing socio-economic needs of Latin America today by Professor Oscar Chávez Esquivel of Costa Rica. "But seeds, land, and technical assistance for the farmer are not enough," he declared. "What good is a fine harvest if the farmer has to sell it at a loss to a middleman? Agrarian reform must include the organization of cooperatives to defend the farmer in the market."

"Free cooperatives," Chávez continued, "—and they must be free if they are to be true cooperatives—strengthen democratic government." He defined a free cooperative as one that a farmer can get in and out of when he chooses, one "whose principles respect the value of the individual, and spiritual values."

Licenciado Chávez brought to the advisory committee meeting news of what is being done by five Central American universities to make better use of the material and human resources at their disposal. The Council of Central

American Universities has created a permanent secretariat, with headquarters in Costa Rica. Preliminary discussions have already taken place on the possibilities of centralizing graduate studies, so that just one graduate school in each field would be endorsed and supported by the Central American countries, and university graduates from the various national universities would be funneled into the one institution designated for advanced study in their field. A meeting of the Technical Planning Committee will be held in Guatemala next June to iron out some of the details of the plan.

Just a few months ago the Central American Institute of Economic and Social Research was organized, and it has received generous support from international agencies. Its first projects will be detailed studies of land tenure and working conditions in Central America. At the Institute's headquarters in Costa Rica, the University of Costa Rica is coordinating aid from FAO, ECLA, ILO, and the Brazilian Center for Economic and Social Research. Professor Chávez suggests that the OAS associate itself with the initial study on land tenure, which is expected to serve as a basis for agrarian reform programs in the area. "OAS support would add force and impetus to this vital project," he said.

#### BERT HOSELITZ

But most of the participants went along with the view that the foremost social problem of the area is the political and social instability of urban areas. As Dr. Bert Hoselitz of the University of Chicago put it, "Peasant revolutions are over for the present. Of course, agrarian reform is still important, but we should not lose perspective about these things. The urban shortages and problems are more pressing, and it is in the cities that dangerous political movements grow among people who see their situation as hopeless."

Dr. Hoselitz, an economist by training, suggested that the development of more acceptable neighborhoods would in itself reduce tension. He urged that funds made available for social purposes be used to provide housing and community facilities, including neighborhood cultural and recreational centers.

"Another basic aim," he said, "is to reduce the difference between standards of living in the country and the city. Land reform is one means, but it is not enough. Even in efficient countries, urban income is higher than rural—by 39 per cent in Germany, and two-and-a-half times in France—and the situation is worse in Latin America. To raise rural income, technical aid and agricultural extension work must be accelerated, and good marketing facilities provided for the crops."

A specific recommendation Dr. Hoselitz made was that small and medium-size rural industries be set up, keyed to local markets and needs, and he suggested that the Inter-American Development Bank and the ICA might sponsor such a program. He cited an experiment in Michoacán, Mexico, where the rural people developed a very successful woodworking business, making chessmen, salad bowls, and other items. A small town in El Salvador formed a cooperative and bought a cloth cutting



Problems of growing cities are even more pressing than those of countryside. Favela (shantytown) in Rio de Janeiro

machine. It cuts out standard pattern pieces, and the ladies of the town who have sewing machines take them home and work as much as they can find time for and farming chores permit, and the finished clothes are sold cooperatively at fixed prices. Dr. Hoselitz cited the production of cheap building materials—such as by the Cinva-Ram process developed at the Inter-American Housing Center at Bogotá, Colombia—as another kind of industry that could help develop rural areas. The level of industry he has in mind would take advantage of modern techniques and the relative abundance of labor, and would require electricity. Development of such businesses would not be something spectacular, but, he remarked, “the spectacular is not always the best, and if carried out on a reasonably large scale, this could meaningfully raise the level of living.” He cited the theory of balance and interlocking industries. On a low level, the Guatemalan Indians have an extensive division of labor—one village produces onions, another salt, a third pottery, to meet the needs of a whole region. Dr. Hoselitz would extend this principle, but using moderately priced hand electric tools. What the OAS could do to help in this, he suggested, would be to select an area and carry out a pilot program. Some aid from governments or international agencies would be needed to give the experiment adequate scope.

“We should not implant foreign ways,” he declared, “but think in terms of existing capacities and skills, and the most useful shortcut measures. Because these peoples are poor, they have a different world outlook and way of understanding things and objectives that are different from those of people in the United States, and we must put ourselves in their position.”

“You cannot stabilize democracy before you have economic development,” he stated in response to our question. Economic development itself may have some unstabilizing influence—occupational changes may produce jealousy, for example—but it must not be rejected for that reason. Delay in attaining economic development is far more dangerous to political stability. What we must do is safeguard democracy during the change, prevent the countries from taking totalitarian steps that will produce a kind of stability that it would take a revolution to get out of. In the short run, economic development is not a stabilizer, but unless we have it we shall have harsher and more extremist political and social regimes. Stagnation is the most dangerous thing. The countries that are in the greatest political trouble are the ones that

have been making the least economic progress. When people see that their rulers are not taking good advantage of their resources, they may turn to communism or violence. Then the situation is bad, because the people concerned don’t know what they’re getting into. They may be subjected to more exploitation, with a revolution as the only way out. The important thing is for the countries to be making some sensible change to improve physical conditions.

“We don’t know what effect economic development has had on the income structure in Latin America, but in the United States and Europe this process was accompanied by a tendency toward equalization of income before taxes. The inequality among the social classes in Latin America is greater because the poor there are poorer, so the thing to do is to raise the level of the poorest. We should attack poverty rather than just redistribute the wealth. Tax policies should permit and encourage growth, for a total increase in income is the best guarantee of improvement for the poor.”

Dr. Hoselitz feels that foreign companies, selling stock to local people, can help put unused capital to work. He urged a system whereby U.S. companies would invest in other countries with provision for liquidating their holdings, turning the industry over to local owners, after a period of years.

Dr. Hoselitz has been on UN technical assistance missions to India as well as Central America, and we asked him how the social problems of the two areas compared. “In India,” he summarized, “the problems of population and poverty are worse, but the government people who must deal with them are better trained.”

## RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE OAS

Specifically, the committee recommended that the OAS undertake, or have universities or research agencies undertake, a whole series of studies and research projects. These would include an inventory of the various social programs already being carried out by public and private institutions; a study of the relation of such factors as education, housing, and social structure to factors that measure economic development; a study of internal and international migration; and a whole series of studies of the social structure of Latin America, such as the social composition and origin of the new classes—the industrial proletariat, the middle class, and office workers. The committee also suggested a study of manpower needs, another of educational systems, and another on the effect of economic fluctuations on standards of living, and research on the types of family structure and the changes produced by the processes of industrialization and urbanization.

Regarding training of needed personnel, the committee suggested that the OAS take inventory of present needs at the scientific, professional, and technical-assistant levels. In cooperating with the universities in Latin America, the OAS should concentrate its efforts on those with the best potential for development, providing professors and teaching materials, and should encourage projects to be undertaken jointly by several universities. ☛

# Down the CHANGING AMAZON

*on the wood-burning Barão de Cameté*

LILO LINKE

THE LEGENDARY "GREEN HELL" of the Amazon holds no exemption from the universal process of change, speeded for the sake of speed. Less than half a dozen of the wood-burning steamers that were the great river's hallmark still ply the thousand miles of shifting stream between Belém and Manaus. I recently went on one of the last trips to be made by one of them, the *Barão de Cameté*, before it too converted to diesel power.

Two reasons have made the change imperative. People want to travel and ship merchandise faster even on this river that winds through the world's most extensive jungle, and every day there are fewer people willing to cut and load the mountains of firewood that are devoured by the old-fashioned steamers.

The 390-ton *Barão de Cameté* was a proud ship when it was launched in 1911 at the London shipyards of Messrs. James Pollock Sons. It arrived in time to participate in the final years of the rubber boom along the Amazon, and its passengers toasted in champagne the *demimondain* women who, in their Parisian gowns, were reflected in the dining-room mirrors.

Today, life on board is still colorful, but certainly no longer elegant. The wealthy and important people travel



Photographs by the author

by air. Foreign tourists prefer the white ships of the British Booth Line, which once or twice a month connect Iquitos, another thousand miles upstream from Manaus, with Trinidad, New York, or European ports, or else travel on the modern vessels owned by the Brazilian government line known by its initials as "SNAPP."

Yet there is never a lack of passengers for the *Barão*, which stops on demand at every little jungle opening and every group of houses along the river, and will also wind its way a short distance up a tributary if people are bound there, or if freight is to be loaded or unloaded. In fact, freight is always foremost in the captain's considerations. Passengers take second place and have to arm themselves with patience. This is precisely why I had chosen the *Barão de Cameté* for my trip downstream from Manaus, because it gave me a chance to look at many aspects of life along the river.

At first, I was a little overcome by the crowds of people on board. How could two hundred men, women, and children fit into twenty four-berth cabins? The problem was solved by hammocks. It was amazing how many could be squeezed into a kind of hall at the end of the passageways. Hammocks of all types and patterns hung as closely

side by side as if displayed in a store, and in the foot-high space below them, children crawled about during the day.

Meals were served in four shifts, and when the cook ran out of meat, we simply stopped at some *fazenda* to buy another beef. In fact, the ship was gradually becoming a Noah's Ark as one corner of the hold filled with lowing cows, bleating goats, and cackling poultry. Whenever the *Barão de Cametá* happened to stop at dawn I would be awakened by the crowing of cocks from underneath the cabin. We also carried two horses as part of the freight, and some of the passengers had brought their pets. A puma cub was frequently taken out of its box to be fed with lumps of raw meat, but it refused to be stroked. One morning, in the semi-darkness of the ladies' shower room, I jumped with fright when what I had thought to be a wooden tub started moving. It was a giant turtle stretching its head toward the trickle of water.

The most important man on board was not the captain, who had been in command of the *Barão de Cametá* on the Amazon for sixteen years, but the owners' agent, who handled the ship's complicated and extremely varied business. Samuel Elías Gabbay, a handsome, prosperous-looking man of thirty-eight, had joined Nicolau da Costa & Cia. Ltd., a large export-import firm of Belém and owners of two boats, twenty-four years ago. "I was still wearing shorts then," he told me in one of his rare moments of leisure, "and for the first three years all I earned was sixty cruzeiros per month."

Today, he is a partner in the firm and owns a beautiful house in Belém as well as a share in a cattle ranch run by one of the numerous Japanese colonists on the Amazon. He also engages independently in minor business deals. The price Gabbay pays for all this is that he rarely sees his family, because most of his life is spent on the river.

On behalf of his company, he buys all the products of Amazonia except rubber, which is a government monopoly. The products vary from region to region and from season to season. He sells goods from other parts of Brazil and imports too, but the amount of foreign goods involved is declining as Brazilian industries advance. For his company he finances the exploitation of such wild-growing jungle products as balata and other gums, the oily fruits of various palms, tonka beans, and Brazil nuts, as is the custom along the Amazon where those on the spot never have enough money to acquire the food and equipment necessary for the long months to be spent in the forest. Of late, many of the jute and pepper plantations—both introduced by Japanese colonists—have been receiving credit from private firms like the Nicolau da Costa company, on the understanding that the harvest will be sold exclusively to them.

The *Barão de Cametá* is therefore much more than a means of transport for people and merchandise. It is a floating shop where wild animal skins may be exchanged for a radio or pieces of clothing; a credit institution where money or goods are advanced for a given length of time, to be repaid in produce; a place where Gabbay meets his clients and where everybody has a chance to greet old friends; and a kind of post office where letters, messages, and money are deposited for people all along



Japanese immigrant Ryoto Oyama, "Father of Jute" in the Amazon, with improved variety he has developed



In mill yard at Itacuatara, women dry raw jute. Below: the baled product ready for shipment





the river. No wonder the trip is so slow, and that in Manaus they could only inform me rather vaguely that we would reach Belém in "something like ten days" (more than twelve, as it turned out).

Of course, the river itself is partly to blame for the delays. From month to month and year to year, it is capricious and ever-changing. In Manaus, the British company that built the harbor in 1910 was forced to install floating piers, roadways, and cranes, since there may be a total drop of as much as forty feet in the water level of the Rio Negro, one of the Amazon's main tributaries, from the peak of the rainy season to the end of the dry summer. Sandbanks and islands appear and disappear, rivers deposit new soil from higher up or carry away wide strips of the shoreland with all their vegetation. During floods, plantations, cattle, and houses are swept away. Maps must therefore be continuously revised, and captains and pilots can never follow one day's course blindly the next.

The first day of our trip was uneventful, with few and brief stops, since near Manaus people and freight are transported by smaller local craft. But the next day the *Barão de Cametá* began to function in its multiple capacities. Anchored a little offshore from a village with the sonorous name of Urucurituba, it took on board thirty sacks of cacao beans, and from then on it stopped nearly every half hour to load varying numbers of bales of jute.

"Thanks to jute, the Amazon is prospering again," Gabbay remarked. "It is putting money into the pockets of thousands of families."

Some people even go so far as to assert that before long jute may become as important as rubber was more than half a century ago. And that would close a circle in a most satisfactory way. The Amazon rubber boom collapsed because the Englishman Henry Wickham Steed in 1876 managed to smuggle out of Brazil some seventy thousand rubber seeds, which formed the basis for the large plantations in British Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. The Amazon lost its monopoly and its wild rubber could no longer compete. And then, some twenty-five years ago, Japanese immigrants to Brazil brought jute seeds from Pakistan and India. So the Far East seemed about to offer compensation to Amazonia.

At first, however, it looked as if the plant would refuse to grow in its new environment. Plantations failed and everybody was ready to call it a day. One man alone persisted in experimentation. At long last he produced a variety that would adapt itself to the soil and climatic conditions of the Amazon.

This man was the Japanese agricultural expert Ryota Oyama, who arrived as a modest immigrant in the early thirties. He is known today all along the river as "the Father of Jute."

"He is still alive, and is living in Parintins," I was informed by a fellow passenger who had been among the first to take advantage of Oyama's successful experiments. "If you like, I'll introduce you to him when we stop there."

Oyama, by his lone efforts, has brought about profound social and economic changes in the vast region of the



*Workers obtain balata gum, another important item in region's trade, from wild trees deep in jungle*

State of Amazonas. Until recently man along the Amazon had existed by taking from nature only what grew without his help; now for the first time he is planting a saleable crop on the fertile soil deposited every year along the river banks. Semi-nomad rubber and Brazil-nut gatherers are slowly being transformed into farmers. The labor force is coming to be made up of families rather than casual groups of rough men, and the basis for civilized existence is being laid.

Jute is a plant that may grow to twelve-foot height. When ripe, it is cut and left to rot in shallow water for up to twenty days. The slim central stalks are then thrashed against the surface of the water until the leaves and fleshy parts drop off and only the silky fibers are left. A family of six can produce about three tons of raw jute per annual harvest, which at present world market prices provides them with a good income. The production of raw fiber along the Amazon, started about twenty-five years ago, reached about 35,000 tons a year in 1960, with

*At jungle work camp, sap is boiled down to solid state*





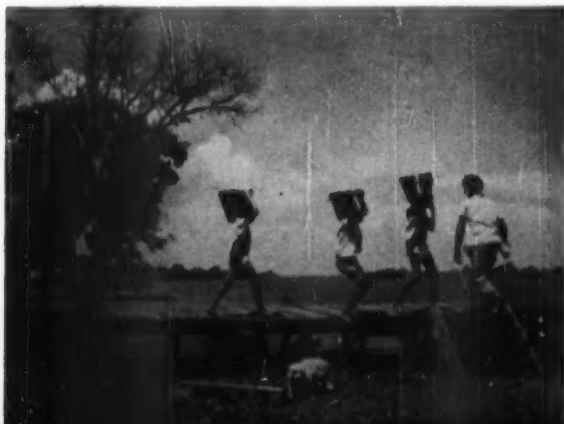
*Balata, used for cable insulation and golf ball centers, is shipped in blocks weighing up to 180 pounds*

a value of one billion cruzeiros (about five million dollars). The number of producers is estimated at ten thousand, and a single jute mill and sack factory in Manaus is employing six hundred workers.

Yet the man to whom all this is due I found living almost in poverty in a humble wooden house overlooking the Amazon. In the little garden behind it, this frail octogenarian is still experimenting to develop better and more productive jute varieties. When I begged for permission to take his picture, he insisted on putting on his best white suit. Later, he proudly showed me the decoration bestowed on him by the Japanese Government and the newspaper clipping that told of a meeting in Manaus last May, at which the Governor of the State of Amazonas had honored him.

These, and his name on a school for the children of Japanese colonists near Manaus, were all he had to show for nearly thirty years of incessant work. Others had grown wealthy through it, as I could tell from a luxurious modern villa that overlooked the Amazon a few blocks away from Oyama's dwelling. It belongs to a man half-jokingly called the "Jute King" of this section, who owns the largest of the four jute mills in Parintins. The thou-

*Boys carry baskets of Brazil nuts to load on the Barão at riverside landing*



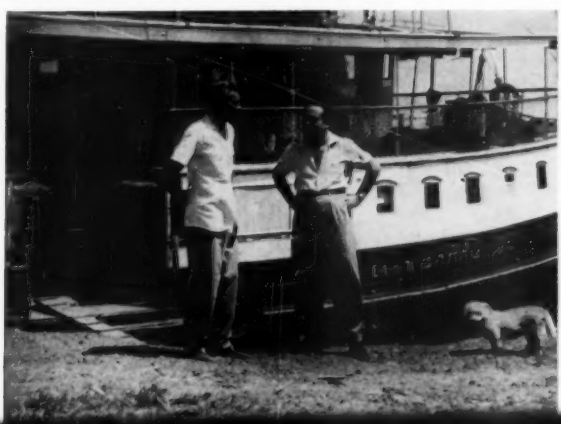
*At the Barão de Cametá's stops, people have boats and canoes, not trucks or cars, at their doorsteps*

sands of bales of raw jute that the *Barão de Cametá* had picked up at numerous stops during our trip were nearly all delivered to him, and it took close to twenty-four hours to unload them.

It was then the middle of August, and the jute season was almost over, as was that for Brazil nuts, another and more traditional product of Amazonia. We loaded our first lot of nuts just before reaching Parintins, at the farm of a man who owned about a hundred trees around his windowless mud house. Many of the trees had actually been planted about twenty years ago, an extraordinary occurrence in those times when "leave everything to nature" was the rule.

The *castanheira*, as it is called in Brazil, is one of the most beautiful trees I have ever seen. A giant of the Amazon forests, it rises as high as one hundred and fifty feet, its trunk straight as a column, the round top spreading like an umbrella over the surrounding jungle. When ripe, the ball-like pods, which hold between sixteen and twenty-four nuts, fall with great force from the trees' considerable height, not infrequently causing accidents, sometimes fatal ones. A single tree may produce an average of two hectoliters (5.6 bushels) of nuts, at a current

*Samuel Elías Gabbay (right), owner's agent, who handles all ship's business, chats with a client on riverbank*



price of two thousand cruzeiros per hectoliter.

"Which means that this family living in a shack has an annual income of four hundred thousand cruzeiros!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Not quite," a Brazilian fellow passenger explained. "First, a good year is usually followed by a bad one, and second, the *caboclos* [rural inhabitants generally of mixed Indian, Negro, and white ancestry] almost always live from hand to mouth. The exporters who get their Brazil nuts, rubber, animal skins, dried *pirarucú* [the largest fresh water fish], and so on, help out by letting them have on credit all the foodstuffs this region does not produce."

Today this means not only sugar, rice, and salt, but even *farinha* (manioc flour), which formerly was available locally. But the planting of manioc was abandoned in favor of jute.

"And then there are the clothes, kerosene, *cachaça* [sugar cane brandy]," the man continued, "the dried or tinned meat, not to mention the pots, the rifle and ammunition for hunting, and the various medicines, including anti-malaria pills. By the time the *caboclo* family hands over the Brazil nuts or whatever they have for sale, it takes only a small amount of cash to balance the company's books."

As a rule, the *Barão de Cameté* and its competitors deal not directly with the small Brazil-nut or balata gatherer but rather through middlemen, who in turn may employ others to supervise the men in the jungle. Every year in January many hundreds of expeditions are organized—and what expeditions they are!

Roads and even footpaths are still extremely rare in Amazonia, and the tributaries and creeks are the only means of communication. This means traveling upstream into the hinterland during the rainy season to take advantage of the swollen waters, and then striking overland to a suitable camping site. Most of the smaller streams are strewn with rocks and interrupted by difficult rapids, which the canoes have to be pulled through with ropes. Food and equipment often have to be unloaded and carried on men's backs around the rushing waters. Such a journey with all its hazards may take up to a month, and the return trip months later, when the water level has fallen, is probably not much shorter.

However, at least one of the important middlemen I met was advancing with the times: he was hiring single-engine planes to fly men into and out of the jungle, and instead of waiting until the end of the harvest season to float all the balata gum downstream to the port, he had it brought to Alenquer as fast as the men could prepare and shape it into the customary heavy blocks.

When we landed at Alenquer, I took advantage of another of the *Barão's* long stops to join one of these flights. The Piper Comanche flew very low over the chains of hills that looked as if giant moles had been working at them for years. We flew at a speed of 160 miles per hour, and it was exactly twenty-five minutes until we landed on a small airstrip in the middle of the jungle. The men at this camp were so used to the planes that they did not even interrupt their various occupations to greet us.

Of the nearly four hundred men employed in this region

by Brito, about one hundred and twenty were in the camp that day, preparing balata for shipment. A large group had just returned in five canoes from a three weeks' trip further inland, and had brought back more than ten tons of raw balata. The men looked smooth-skinned, well-fed, and content—the threat of starvation that always haunts the rubber and gum tappers so deep in the jungle was a thing of the past, since airplanes guaranteed supplies and help.

The workers who had hacked the airstrip out of the jungle in 1959, in eighteen days of intense labor, had been the last to make the trip from Alenquer by boat, along the Curuá River. Their efforts had been amply repaid. The airplane freed them from much hard and wasteful drudgery, and brought civilization within easy reach.

Bruto is already employing four single-engine planes of various types, has laid out a second airstrip in a region hitherto untapped for gum, and plans to increase his activities in 1961. As far as I know, he is the first to



Buildings along shore at Santarém, old settlement halfway between Manaus and Belém

modernize operations, but others are bound to follow his example.

Under these circumstances, it is only natural that the *caboclos* are also beginning to change. Before, during their long months in the jungle, they dreamed only of the fun they would have with their pay. Drink, gambling, and women were their three overriding passions. But now some at least are more ambitious. While I was ashore in Almeirim, the owner of a well-equipped store with a bar in front pointed out a tall, attractive mulatto:

"Here you have a successful *balatero*. He worked as foreman of a group of ten, and I have just paid him eight hundred thousand cruzeiros [\$4,000]. Instead of wasting his earnings, he has bought himself a large radio-phonograph, a refrigerator, a kerosene stove, and a house to put them in right here in Almeirim. And paid cash for the lot!"

Of course, not all are as lucky as this man. The exporter, the agent on board the ship, the local middleman, the





Balata worker, back in Almeirim after six months in jungle, in store where he has just bought radio and many other items



The Barão de Cametá made fast to bank to trade goods and news

foreman in the jungle are all seeking to get rich on the balata or any other product the *caboclo* gets from the jungle trees. The food and equipment the *caboclo* needs reach him through many hands and get more and more expensive as they pass from one to another. What he delivers in exchange to the man who granted him credit is worth relatively little because it still has to pass through the long line up to the top.

Besides, the *balateros* and the rest of the jungle workers are not free to sell to whomever they please. Amazon custom demands that they hand over their produce at pre-fixed prices to the local middleman, who guarantees the credit and therefore runs a risk. The system may be grossly unfair, but so far nobody has thought of a better one.

When I discussed the matter with Gabbay, he replied: "We have to wait for from seven to eight months after we advance the money before we get a *cruzeiro's* worth of produce in exchange. In January, just before the men leave for the interior, the *Barão* delivers all along the river countless sacks and boxes of foodstuffs. Each man receives goods worth up to eighty thousand *cruzeiros*. At a

given moment, we have millions of *cruzeiros* outstanding, all on trust. And what can we do if a man falls into the trap of some wily *cachaça* merchant who follows the *balateros* right into the jungle and cheats them out of the balata that is rightfully ours?"

As we went slowly downstream, the holds of the *Barão de Cametá* swallowed, little by little, sixty tons of jute (some of which was unloaded again for sale en route), five tons of cacao beans, three tons of dried *pirarucú* (and how they stank!), one ton of *cumarú* nuts, which are used in the perfume trade and to give aroma to some cigarettes, and several tons of Brazil nuts. Fifteen large drums were full of rosewood oil headed for the United States, and in a corner, dozens of empty drums were piled up, to bring back airplane fuel on the return trip. And, of course, there were thousands of blocks of balata and hundreds of wild animal skins. In short, the whole economy of Amazonia was carefully listed on the pages of Gabbay's account book.

The *Barão de Cametá* would have carried even more of this merchandise if so much of its capacity had not been taken up by firewood. Every day the boilers devoured ten thousand *achas*, pieces of wood about three feet long, and since at many places supplies of it were short, we had to stop over and over again, some twenty times in all during the trip from Manaus to Belém.

Often only two or three men and a few boys would be available to pick up wood from the untidy pile on shore and to carry it aboard, and a great part of the day or night would pass with a monotonous click-clack as the men, squatting down, loaded stick after stick on their left shoulders.

It seemed the most time-wasting procedure imaginable. I combatted the resulting boredom, and the annoyance of the heat and mosquitoes, by trying to solve such simple problems as:

If each man carries an average of nine sticks, and if the round trip takes ninety-five seconds, how long shall we have to stop here until three and a half men have loaded 6,755 sticks?

Of course, even had I figured out the answer, it would never have corresponded to the facts. It would be impossible to know in advance how much time would be lost by a man's dropping all his sticks on discovering a *surucucurana* (a small poisonous snake) in the middle of the pile or by a chase after two rats that sprang out from underneath, the chase being encouraged by yells from the passengers idly leaning over the rails.

But now, in this year of 1961, the *Barão de Cametá* will sail indifferently past the heaps of firewood, and soon nobody will take the trouble to replenish them. Traffic along the Amazon will all have been converted, and therefore will have become very much faster, and perhaps before long all the romantic products—the rosewood oil and the jaguar skins, the nuts, the bales of jute, the balls of rubber, and the blocks of balata—will be loaded by conveyor belts.

I feel fortunate that I was still able to see a little of what life along the Amazon was like in that strange contradictory stage between yesterday and tomorrow. ☞



# Samba Schools in Rio

## THEY DANCED ALL NIGHT

text by **GEORGE MEEK**

photographs by **KURT SEVERIN**

FOR SPLENDOR AND SIZE the parade of the "samba schools" is, for me, the high point of Rio de Janeiro's four-day carnival. Half a million people are crammed along Rio Branco Avenue to enjoy a parade of fifteen thousand participants that starts at eleven o'clock at night and goes on for some thirteen hours—a parade of dancers decked out in shining silk and satin costumes that run the spec-

trum from red to violet; all singing, dancing, and laughing while percussion bands make the ground resound with their beat.

The samba schools have no classrooms and offer no degrees—they are neighborhood organizations of Negroes who like to dance and have a good time at carnival. There are forty-five or fifty organized schools in Rio, mostly

*Young members of samba school practice in their new costumes at headquarters on Salgueiro Hill in Rio for carnival contest*





*Paula, baiana dancer for Salgueiro samba school, was one of most popular figures in parade*

located on the hilltops, and their members range in age from five to seventy and over.

Plans for a samba school's carnival performance start more than six months before it takes place. Officers and members decide on a theme, make up a budget, and then the men, women, and children get together about once a week—more often as the date approaches—to practice and socialize somewhere out of range of the prying eyes of rival schools, perhaps on a hill in the neighborhood or on a deserted beach. All year the members, many of extremely limited means, try to save enough for their carnival costumes, which usually are worn only once. Each costume may cost between \$25 and \$150, so the most indigent members must get help from the school. Small dues are collected.

I watched the samba schools parade in the 1959 carnival, when the pictures on these pages were taken. The description will hold for last year's parade and this year's (scheduled for February 12) as well; the only changes have been larger crowds and expenses.

On Shrove Sunday, just before Ash Wednesday, I sought refuge from the hot, happy mob in a television stand right across from the judging stand by the Public Library. It was a fine vantage point, but not out of range of the sprays of pep-me-up perfumed ether that came from the crowd's *lança-perfumes*. In the afternoon four *frevo* organizations paraded and performed intricate dance patterns peculiar to Pernambuco State.

The parade of the eighteen largest samba schools on Rio Branco Avenue (twenty-eight smaller ones paraded on another street in a separate affair) was supposed to follow this, starting at about 8 p.m. and winding up at 5:30 a.m., with each school taking half an hour. True to tradition, things didn't work out that way. The parade started three

hours late, each school seemed to regard half an hour as minimum rather than maximum (some took an hour), and it took about fifteen minutes for the police on horseback and motorcycles, who were later charged with brutality by the press, to clear the seething throng from the street so the show could go on after each school finished. Some groups had to wait all night for a chance to appear. They alternated dozing with reveling until the last group had its turn at noon the following day.

The samba schools had drawn lots for order of march at the Tourism Department, which is in charge of the show, and the Acadêmicos do Salgueiro (Scholars of the Willow Tree), shown in these pictures, drew fifth position. But in the reshuffling that took place as the event actually got under way, Salgueiro appeared first. Leading elements carried the traditional banner saying that the school greets the public and press and asks permission to pass. The 115-man *bateria*, the school's percussion band, took its place directly under me facing the judges' stand. Some of the instruments used are the *zabumba* and *bombo*, big bass drums; the *tambor*, a cylindrical one; the *caixa de rufo*, a box drum; the *timpano*, or kettledrum; the *pandeiro*, a type of tambourine; the *chocalco*, a cowbell; and the *guizo*, a sleigh bell.

Ananias was the grandmaster or ceremonial head of Salgueiro's 1,300 dancers, who were divided into twenty contingents interspersed between four floats. Second most honored position is that of the flag-bearer, a very lavishly attired woman who twirls around and around through the school's units, holding its glistening banner aloft. Eny Pinheiro had the honor in this parade, and showed amazing stamina in manipulating the heavy flag without apparent effort.

Salgueiro's floats and original music had as their theme



*School's board of directors meets weekly to plan for big one-night performance*



*Children of Salgueiro school members play at parading, even those too young to participate in event*



*School's standard is carried in front of bateria as group takes position for dancing march*



*Salgueiro women prepare costumes according to specifications of board. Below: chartered bus takes members to parade area*



*Professional trio of sambistas joined Salgueiro's 1,300 dancers in spectacle on Rio Branco Avenue*



the French painter Jean Baptiste Debret and Brazil at the beginning of the twentieth century. Debret, incidentally, wrote one of the earliest commentaries on Brazil's carnival in his *Voyage Pittoresque et Historique au Brésil* (Picturesque and Historical Voyage to Brazil). He records that "the only preparations for Brazilian carnival consist in making 'limões de cheiro,' imitations of this fruit made of stearine containing some water inside." The colored water was a weapon much used in the days before *lança-perfumes*.

Regardless of its theme, each samba school features some *baianas*, well-fed women from the state of Bahia wearing typical frilly costumes, headgear, shawls, and beads. Paula, Salgueiro's leading *baiana* in 1959, was acclaimed by the Rio press as the star of the evening. "The Queen of a summer's night," said *O Cruzeiro*. Paula



Proud young participant is helped into her costume by her mother

was called over to the reviewing stand to shake hands with U.S. movie star Jayne Mansfield, a guest who later caused somewhat of a sensation when she had an accident with her dress at the dance at the Copacabana Palace Hotel. Salgueiro was also especially proud of a trio of excellent *sambistas*, two beanpoles of men and a lithe, slender girl who treated the crowd to a spectacle of precise yet frenzied dancing.

The samba danced by the schools in the street has a slow beat and relatively simple steps so that people can do it for hours and hours without tiring. But of course when groups are in front of the reviewing stand, the trickier the samba steps the better. In between the sambas the schools dance and sing *marchas*, which as the name implies have the faster, more even beat of a martial march.

As the last element of Salgueiro's contingent passed by and the strains of their singing became lost in the crowd, somebody in the back of the crowd gave an impatient little push and in seconds the streets were blocked with sweaty bodies. The pause gave the five-man panel of judges (an artist, a musician, a writer, a sculptor, and a choreographer) a chance to score the unit unhurriedly. A school is rated from one to ten on each aspect of its performance: theme, beauty of costumes and floats, dancing, flag-bearer, grandmaster, *bateria*, singing, and words and music of the sambas.

On Thursday, after Rio had returned to normal and its exhausted citizens were ready to forget about carnival for another year, representatives of all the samba schools gathered in the Tourism Department's office to watch the opening of the judges' votes. Salgueiro took second place, and Portela took first prize for the third straight year. The winner got 100,000 cruzeiros (about \$715); 60,000 cruzeiros (\$429) went to the runner-up; and third prize was 40,000 cruzeiros (\$286).

This prize money is obviously not the principal inducement for schools to participate in the spectacle, because it amounts to only a fraction of their expenses. Salgueiro had spent more than \$57,000 to put on its performance, and Portela had spent over \$85,000. All together, the one-night affair had cost the eighteen samba schools in the principal parade roughly \$600,000.

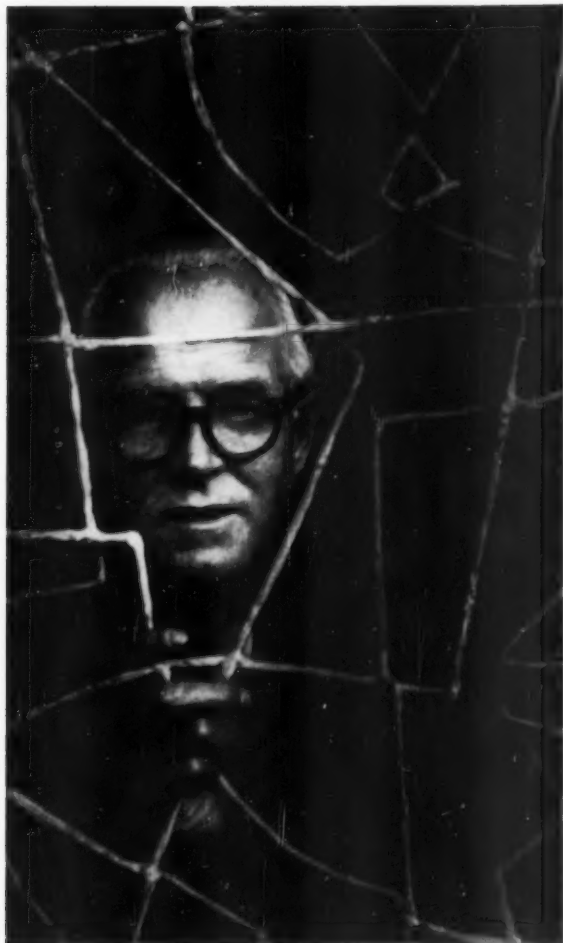
Some hold that the samba, the excuse for having so much fun and spending so much money, is a native *carioca* product, developed right in Rio's Onze Plaza at carnival time. Others say it was brought to Rio from Bahia at the end of the last century by an old slave woman named Catu. Carnival organizations began to form around the turn of the century—informally at first—and parades and rivalries developed. When the samba became generally accepted during the decade of the twenties, local carnival groups combined to form samba schools. Several claim to be first, and it is not clear which one really was. Salgueiro, seven years old, was formed by the merger of two groups, the Azules and Brancos.

The parade of samba schools seems now to be a permanent part of carnival celebrations and is constantly increasing in popularity. The captivating rhythms and gorgeous costumes thrill not only the participants but all the spectators, *cariocas* and tourists alike. ☞

Parade is delayed as police check ages of two boys.  
Minimum for participation is five







# JAN SCHREUDER

*ARTIST FROM ECUADOR  
PAINTS WITH TEXTURES*

FLORA L. PHELPS

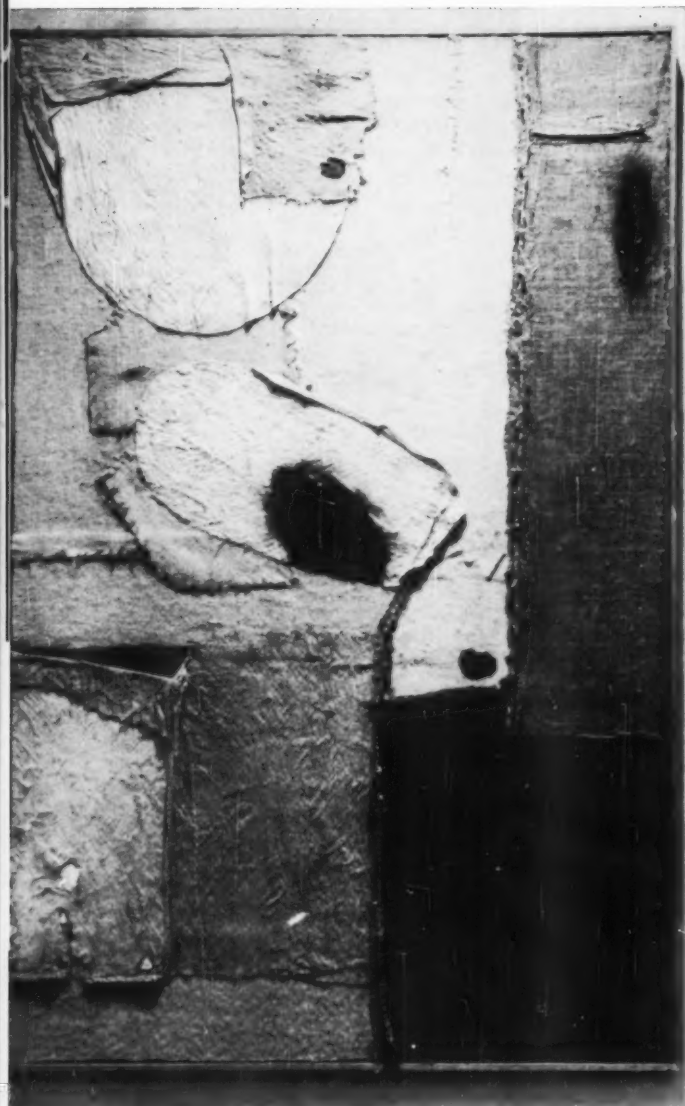
FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS, Dutch-born Jan Schreuder has been living in Ecuador, seeing the people and the land with the heart, as well as the eyes, of an artist. Beyond the great glass wall of his mountainside studio, Quito and towering Pichincha change their colors with the seasons and the time of day; inside, pre-Columbian objects, hand-woven rugs, modern *guaguas de pan* (bread dolls) and other works of Indian craftsmen share the space with the work in progress, and with the stores of things Jan (as he signs his work) has chosen for their intrinsic beauty as materials. Lengths of old burlap, handmade textiles from Guatemala, pieces of the weathered bark of a local tree which, un-barklike, look from a distance more like a heavy fabric or perhaps ponyhide—all softened, muted, and bearing the marks of human use or the weathering of the elements—these are the treasury upon which Jan draws for his collages.

An exhibition of fourteen works, all done since Easter 1960, was held at the Pan American Union in November. Previously Jan has held one-man shows in The Hague,

Stockholm, Paris, Guatemala City, Quito, New York, and San Francisco, and his works have been included in the Carnegie International, in 1952, and in the São Paulo Biennial of 1957. The collage is the latest art form in which Jan has worked. For him it follows many years of disciplined creative work in a variety of media, and of sensitive observation of the world around him. At the age of fifty-six, he has found a new and exhilarating form of expression.

"When I began to work with collages, I felt free. I was part of the painting, I felt I was right inside the picture. We were alive together," he said. And it is this life, this vitality, that communicates itself to the viewer who opens his perceptions to it. For the collages cannot be understood by logical reasoning. They must be felt by the emotions. They speak to the heart, not the brain; and they speak in a language all men may share.

A continuous growth in freedom of expression is apparent in the collages exhibited at the Pan American Union. In the earlier ones, simple shapes of burlap in



*Collage in bark, burlap, and oil. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Tolkan*

soft colors, greyed blues and greens and natural neutral tones, are applied precisely on a painted background. Jan's compositions always have balance and order, without being stiff or rigid. In spite of the undeniable presence of curves, the masses give a linear, rather than a block effect. The third collage is suddenly bold; a single large piece of a brilliant bayeta, a red flannel, covers most of a dark grey surface. Shining through a deliberately placed hole in the bayeta is a patch of brilliantly dark paint, its surface alive with iridescence. This use of a singing highlight, like an enormous jewel, recurs frequently in the later works. In other cases, interest is also focused on burned spots or oil stains, subtly accentuated. Texture is increasingly emphasized, with the use of fabric-like

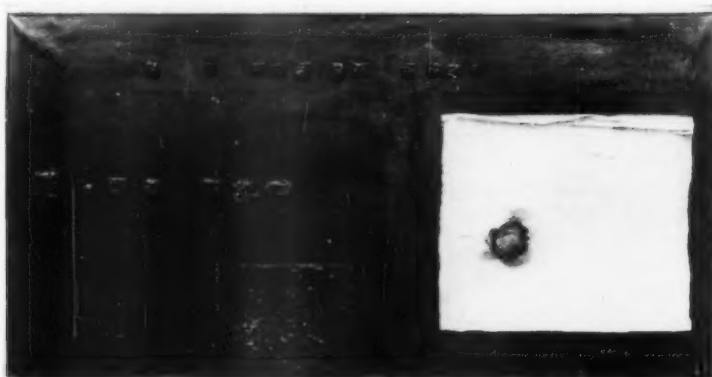
bark that is sometimes white, sometimes a faint pink; with forms in relief, molded of sand and paint; and with large painted areas, the brilliant reds, greens, or bronzes sparkling through orifices in deep-toned surface layers. The last work is all metal, with the sweeping contours of two large sheets of smoothly rusted iron contrasting with the gray of iron cement that covers the background and encases the thick ridges formed by placing iron rods side by side in two major blocks. As the viewer looks at the collages, he feels a growing sense of excitement, almost as though he were listening to music. And this is not strange. Jan always works to music. Bartok, Schönberg, Alban Berg, these are his favorite companions in creativity.

"Collages have nothing to do with abstract expressionism. There is no accident in them. If the abstract expressionist artist sees that the paint on his picture happened to run, or drip, and he likes the effect, he is happy. In my collages, every bit of paint, every ravelled edge, every stain or contour is there by intent," Jan said.

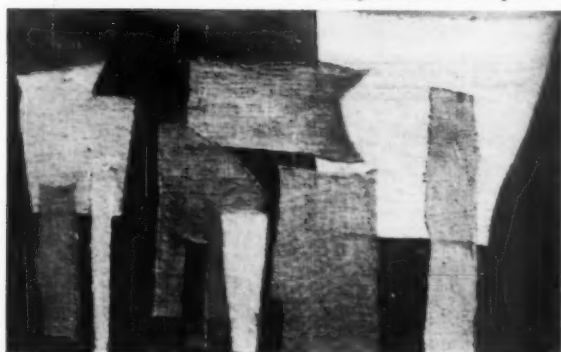
What makes the collage a unique art form, as distinctive from oil painting as the latter is from sculpture? In an oil painting the artist may, at one extreme, wish to depict what he sees with photographic faithfulness; more often, he selects from the external physical subject certain elements to emphasize and arrange into a composition that is his own personal, creative interpretation. Or, like the impressionists, cubists, and other recent schools, he may make use of a philosophically based system to analyze shape, light, mass, and other components. Or again, his primary purpose may be the pure expression of human emotions, or even abstract ideas, without representing or even suggesting any real object. In these cases, the painting might be said, in a sense, to be a vehicle for expressing some meaning arising from sources outside itself. But the technique of the collage—affixing selected objects to a background—permits independence. In Jan's work, it is achieved. His subject is the natural beauty of the materials themselves. This fact is the key that unlocks the door to a new and rich experience for the viewer who has previously thought only in terms of traditional painting.



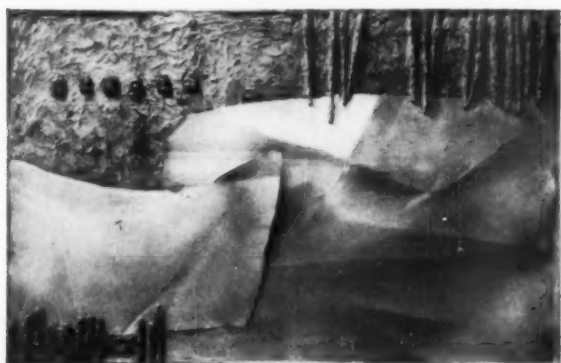
*Jan Schreuder with abstract oil paintings done just before he began to work in collage*



*Collage in oil, sand, and bark. Highlight is brilliant red showing through hole in bark square*



*Collage in paint and burlap. Forms in this early collage recall Jan's previous abstract oils*



*Metal construction in sheet iron, iron bars, and iron cement is latest work*

But it is not the whole story. Jan's collages are the result of the creative process. They have no mechanical quality that can be reduced to laws and formulae. The artist uses his materials to create compositions that have form, color, and, above all, texture. They make you want to come close to them, to touch them, just as many pieces of modern sculpture do. And this is not surprising, for the appreciation of tactile qualities is an important part of Jan's sensitivity.

Jan was born in Holland, and has been painting almost



*Collage in bark, burlap, and oil. Collection of Miss Mary L. Ruhl*

ever since he was old enough to hold a brush. He studied lithography at the Academy of Fine Arts in The Hague, because he enjoyed working with the limestone that was then used in the process. Later he worked for an oil company in Venezuela, and then spent two years in Guatemala, where he made long trips on horseback into the remote areas, spending the nights in Indian villages. Here he gained a firsthand knowledge of Maya art, and of the crafts of the modern Indians. From aerial photographs he discovered a previously unknown Maya highway in the Petén. And he began his collection of pre-Columbian art.

"It gives the essence of things," he says. "It is not an art for the elite. This art is found in the utilitarian things of daily life, the bowls and the textiles. The genre scenes modeled in the pottery of Nayarit are the essence of life. The Paracas and Nazca textiles are pure geometric abstractions of this same essence."

Jan has the same intimate three-dimensional knowledge of Ecuador, his adopted country, having seen it both from

horseback and from the air, and the same high regard for the cultural traditions and creative abilities of the Indians there. For five years he directed a United Nations program for the revival of Indian crafts. He found that the Indians from the tribes with ancient high cultural traditions, like the Salasacas, were the most creative. He brought them to Quito to weave textiles on hand looms in a workshop in the Casa de Cultura. The Indians drew or painted their own motifs, which Jan put together into compositions for the "contemporary" design rugs, to be woven by the men who had drawn the motifs. The designs of other rugs were taken from pre-Columbian spindle whorls, using earth colors and natural wool tones adapted to modern sensibilities.

"Imagine what it meant to those Indians to discover their own cultural heritage!" Jan says. "Of course we never used mechanical looms. Automation kills the creative person, and that is exactly what we wanted to revive. There is nothing more beautiful than the pre-Columbian traditional arts of Ecuador."

The Indians had brought their primitive musical instruments with them to Quito. One evening Leonard Bernstein was visiting Jan in his studio and expressed the desire to hear some pure Indian music. Jan woke up some of his Indian workers, and they played their flutes and drums for two hours. Bernstein was enchanted. "That is the real thing!" he exclaimed, "not a trace of Western influence. Nowhere else have I been able to hear that." He could feel the beauty and the tremendous sadness of the music in which the Indian expresses his life and his love for his land. "The artist cannot help seeing this," Jan commented, "but the casual tourist is unlikely to be aware of it."

During these years, Jan did other work with the Indians

as the technical and artistic adviser for the Point Four program for manual arts. This is now under the direction of the Ecuadorian Hugo Galarza, who worked with Jan in the United Nations program and is similarly dedicated to the renewal of the indigenous cultural traditions of the country.

Jan was also director of the Ecuadorian Art Center, which he and his wife founded, for some seven years. He held classes in painting, drawing, construction, and collage, for people of all ages, from two and one half years to sixty-five. He taught by free expression, always with music as a creative stimulus. Underprivileged children came on scholarships from the Casa de Cultura, and there were also the children of the Indian weavers. One class had people from six nationalities. Jan found young children, from four to six years, very creative, and learned a lot from their sincerity and their work. What was Jan's own work in these years? Abstract painting. After a time he began to notice that his work had grown more and more abstract and geometrical as he refined his concepts of form and color. It held less and less emotion. "Finally I realized 'this is not me.' I was not satisfied. I wanted to be part of my painting."

And so, in the spring of 1960, he began his collages. This new direction is proving immensely rewarding. It seems to draw a little upon each of Jan's earlier artistic loves—the art of the Indians, the abstract patterns of the earth that are seen in aerial photographs, the search for purity of expression in abstract form itself. But it has moved beyond these, to a new freedom all its own, to pictures you feel you could reach into, to colors that sing, to a form of communication so basic, so profound that it is at the same time both universal and unique for every individual viewer. ☛

*Pre-Columbian pottery and statues decorate Schreuder home in Quito. Mrs. Henri Gazan, Mrs. Schreuder, Jan*







# DIDO'S JOURNEY

a short story by **JUANA DE IBARBOUROU**

illustrations by **ALBERTO DUTARY**

THE GRANDFATHER roughly pulled the boy from the long embrace of the mother, who lay ill in her wretched bed. But since his mother was always moaning—her youth lost to misery and drudgery—Dido was not the least impressed by her display of emotion. On the other hand, his father gave him a single kiss, then turned his face away, and the boy never could forget that farewell.

"Let's go," said the old man, and the boy followed him happily with his worthless bundle of rags. They were going to the city, "to town," at the recommendation of the local police chief, so that Dido could enter a school where he would be educated and learn a trade. Dido was pleased. They were going to a place where there were beautiful things and lots of carriages that ran without being pulled by either oxen or horses, like some he had seen pass by on the road. And to a house where he could eat plenty every day, everything from rich stews and beef roasts to guava candies from Brazil and squares of raw brown sugar wrapped in cane leaves. All this kept

Dido from feeling any pangs at leaving. But when he said good-by to Colin, a scrawny sheep dog, his companion in games and escapades, he did indeed feel like crying. He kissed him squarely on the muzzle, and his small chest heaved with a sob that he stoically choked down.

"Colín!"

My Lord, how understanding dogs are! The animal let forth a howl that matched the boy's swallowed sob. And when grandfather and grandson began to walk across the dried-up field, the dog started to follow them. The old man, impatient, stooped down, threw a rock, and the animal, who knew his aim all too well, stopped, whimpered, then trotted a little way toward the adobe farmhouse, turned, and whimpered again, his keen ears rigidly alert. Dido looked back and threw him another kiss.

"So long for a while, Colín!"

The dog started toward them again, and the old man threw another rock. Backing up, with his tail between his legs, Colín retreated toward the house, looking back now

and then at the departing figures. Then his howl grew more piercing, more like a lament. For a minute Dido stood looking at his grandfather, but the old man took his hand and mumbled harshly:

"For heaven's sake, come on. Are you going to turn coward on account of that animal?"

The dog went on howling, now farther away. You lost your master, Colin. Cry, cry, poor Colin.

At once the boy felt happy again, trying to make his short legs keep up with the old man's long strides. The grandfather was walking, but Dido was running.

The path was straight, long, and not very wide at the beginning, lined with fragrant eucalyptus trees. There were blue thistle blooms along the sides, and a little farther on, at the edge of the plowed fields, the red and yellow flowers of the *macachin* plants, which in full summer would have sweet tubers. At some times of life everything around a human being, even a child, arouses his passionate interest, whether it be a nameless insect, a short straw caught in a clod of clay, or a bird chirping unseen by anyone. Dido walked along under the burning November sun, growing neither bored nor tired. Life is a prodigious spectacle, even that part of it that is so simple as to seem humdrum.

I who am writing this fragment of Dido's little story—and I am not well—never tire of contemplating the rain, the trees, the light, the dust that clings to my window and forms tiny sketches filled with discoveries, the dew on my roses, the ants that cluster about their sweetness, the progressive colors of the ripening fruits, the gold band on my left hand. Ah, how much our mortal eyes can look at without fatigue or satiety!

Dido was no philosopher. He was alive, and he felt a temptation, almost like hunger or thirst, in his awakening spirit: to pick a scarlet poppy growing in with the nearly ripened wheat. But the old man said:

"Don't leave the road. All the rest belongs to the owners."

And the boy put an end to his desire and his dream, because he had already learned that the landlords' right of ownership, even of a wild poppy, is inviolable. The poor cannot venture to pick one without running the danger of unleashing a catastrophe. Don't be upset, Dido. Gather a handful of *macachin* flowers. Those belong only to God, and, magnanimous and omnipresent, He gives them to the poor. Leave that scarlet poppy, Dido. It is like the wheat, the property of a rich man. If by chance an overseer should spy you vaulting the wire to pick it, he might hit you with the whip. Calm down, Dido.

The boy began to gather his bunch of humble flowers, and, dazzled, he found among the grass the broken, empty shell of a little egg that might once have held a young falcon. The sun was now overhead, and the rosy, golden, perpendicular rays warmed them like a flame. The old man made Dido put on his raveled straw hat, which he had brought in his knapsack, but the grandfather had no protection against the celestial fire other than his long, whitish, thick hair. It was not enough. His brains were about to boil. Exhausted, he lay down under a eucalyptus, closed his eyes, and stretched out his long legs. Dido

was terribly frightened, and began to cry and beg his grandfather desperately:

"Grandpa, don't die on me now!"

He knew, because he had seen his grandmother and some animals, that when a creature stretches its legs and closes its eyes in the daytime, it is because it is dead. And he felt the horror of soon finding the old man that way, and he all alone in the middle of an immense, unknown world, even though the red poppies, fresh and dauntless, continued their lively dance above the wheat stalks that the wind was gently moving. But, after a couple of minutes, during which Dido, terrified and sobbing, squeezed to ruination the wild flowers and his treasured eggshell, the old man stood up complaining, and, fixing his grandson with his hard gray stare, said briefly:

"Let's eat."

What a little space there can suddenly be between hell and heaven! Dido, hungry after the long morning's walk, smiled through his tears and took the big chunk of dark bread, the two boiled eggs, solid and heavy, and the small jug of milk his grandfather gave him. He ate quickly and happily. But suddenly a shadowy image of Colin cast a pall over his ravenous joy. He had always shared his food with him, no matter how little he had. He had been punished more than once because of it, but Colin was Colin and he loved him.

A mouthful of food stuck in his throat. His innocent inner sun had clouded over. Then he wanted to know:

"Is the town still very far away, Grandpa?"

"Just over there," replied the old Indian.

Just over there, like satiety, rest, hope, the blessed saints. Just over there, yet always so far and so inaccessible.

They rested a while. The happy summer bumblebees started to buzz around them. Dido began to gather little stones, some white, some reddish, and others dark and lined like his grandfather's skin. A poor child's toys. Bah, they are just as entertaining, and God does not charge for them in money, the give-and-take of the Devil even in the sanctum of the toyshops.

A truck loaded with big bales passed, but the driver barely caught the old man's wave out of the corner of his eye. They went on walking. Dido did not tire of looking at things. A ditch with water that glistened over the mud; broad, green pastures; rocky ridges with dark thistly bushes growing along them; clipped sheep and suckling lambs; a deserted hut, for it was the solemn siesta hour; a few small hawthorns in a soil that produced little in the way of arboreal display; a flower garden by a large farmhouse; *benteveo* birds; butterflies fluttering in the trembling air like loose flower petals; herds of cows and calves; a dappled horse standing nodding in the shade of a willow. What a wonderful world! Around Dido's hut, there were only arid land, a shallow well, an almost bare lawn, nettles, and some heroic mallow plants in the dry earth—his mother's garden.

Another loaded truck passed, and then another. One driver shouted as he barely slowed his four-wheeled flight:

"Sorry. I'm behind schedule and overloaded."

But there are sensitive souls, perhaps in the generous proportion of ten per thousand, and a blond young man, an obvious mixture of Bahian and European and not a local resident, stopped his vehicle and invited them, in a Brazilian drawl, "Climb on. There's room beside me for you two."

Dido, how glorious to run like the wind without your legs getting tired or your feet hurting! Let the men talk. You keep on looking. The world, limited only by horizons, is always new, free, and beautiful.

Now you can make out the town, fairly close. Those things that you think are giants, as in one of your father's stories, are factory smokestacks. It is not easy to understand, but the truck driver says so, seriously, and it must be true. He has no reason to fool you. But I



*Dido*

assure you, Dido, that the factories are also giants. They used to eat people up, as in the fable. But no longer, for man has invented new things called salary increases, strikes, and labor unions, and the giants have been throttled.

Dido asked incessant questions about his marvelous world. Sometimes they did not answer him, but that did not matter to a boy who was going from one surprise to another and did not have time to wait for the answers. They came to an old section of the town with tile-roofed buildings and narrow streets. Grandfather and grandson got down from the truck, at a plaza in front of a church. The driver explained to the old man in his mixed Spanish-

and-Portuguese jargon: "Go two blocks up that street that's called De la Calera. When you get there, you'll see the door at the corner of the diagonal intersection. That's it."

The grandfather thanked him and again began to walk, holding Dido's hand. How many wonderful flowers there are in the square "pasture" right ahead! Can we take some? No, Dido. Those don't belong to God but to the Police and the Town Council. Careful, Dido.

They continued slowly. It seemed as if the grandfather's legs had grown awfully heavy. Tired, surely. And the old man grew talkative:

"Do you want to stay in the school where I'm taking you, Grandson? We'll come to see you now and then, and you'll learn to read, and write, and later to make shoes or furniture or whatever suits you, my son. If you don't want—"

Poor limping old heart! But the child asked:

"Do they eat well in the school, and every day, Grandpa?"

"Yes, boy. You eat bread, drink coffee with milk, have rice and meat, candy, too, and quince jelly—"

The boy pondered this.

"I want to stay in that school, Grandpa. But you have to bring me Colin."

"Colin!"

The old man moved his head but promised nothing.

"We'll see," he said, though in his heart he knew that Dido had asked the impossible. That was all they needed: to bring the dog to the school.

They came to the diagonal street and were in front of the door of the vast building that, with its lawns and pavilions, occupied an entire block. It was surrounded by thick, trimmed evergreen hedges, through which came the sounds of childish voices and laughter. Dido's face lighted up. He guessed that he and Colin were going to play a lot with all those noisy, happy children. The school door, carved, shiny, opened into a vestibule lined with black and white tiles. The grandfather was going to rap with the bronze hand of the knocker, so that someone would answer, but he changed his mind and half turned toward the street again. Dido looked at him, stupefied. The old man spoke as if he were choking:

"Let's go home."

But the boy drew away and whined stubbornly:

"I'm not going, Grandfather. Go alone, if you want. And send me Colin right away."

The old man knew there was nothing to do, that he had to be hard and resolute, and he retraced his steps, while Dido jumped up and down victoriously.

The knocker echoed loudly through the emptiness of the high-ceilinged vestibule. Someone came quickly. Everything was finished. The travelers half smiled, expectantly. On the arch above the doorway there was a sign:

#### SAN JUAN BOSCO ORPHAN ASYLUM

But the grandfather and grandson could not read, and anyway they would not have understood those strange words which they had never heard. ☹



# CONQUERING PERUVIAN PEAKS

## OXFORD EXPEDITION IN THE ANDES

**NIGEL ROGERS**

SUPPLY PROBLEMS, a blinding blizzard, and doses of *soroche* (altitude sickness) did not stop us—five Oxford alumni—from thoroughly enjoying an expedition we made to climb some of Peru's most inaccessible Andean summits last July.

We chose July even though it is in the middle of the cold mountain winter, because it is a dry month there and conditions for climbing are better than after mid-September, when the rainy season starts.

For two years Kim Meldrum, a schoolmaster; John Cole, an engineer; Bob Kendell, a doctor; Mike Binnie, a teacher; and I worked together to plan a trip to the Vilcanota Cordillera, near Cuzco in southern Peru. We changed our minds when we learned that in 1959 a Swiss expedition had beaten us to the punch and climbed most of the previously unscaled peaks in that range. We set

*Climber on ridge of Huaynacchapac, 18,900-foot  
peak in Cordillera de Carabaya in southern Peru*



our sights on the parallel Cordillera de Carabaya, which offered some unclimbed summits about 19,000 feet high.

The Carabayas are only four hundred miles from Lima as the crow flies, but the overland trip is another story. We went by car six hundred and fifty miles from Lima to Arequipa; thence by rail through Juliaca near Lake Titicaca to Tirapata, the nearest point on the railway to our climbing area. From there we went by truck through Macusani, a town of 27,000 in the alfalfa and livestock area of Puno, up a rough track that wound dizzily along the side of a precipice to Huanatuyo, the last village on our route. It lay at the foot of the Antahoua Valley, where we planned to set up base camp.

All along this route we had to make sure that none of our ton and a half of equipment was going astray. About one thousand pounds of this was food, enough to last us for two months except for what potatoes, rice, flour, and fresh fruit and vegetables we needed, which we got in Macusani. Our food supply contained much dehydrated fruit and vegetables, and a great deal of chocolate and candy. We had brought along nylon ropes, pitons, ice axes, snaplinks, and crampons for our climbing. We had down-filled jackets and sleeping bags, and canvas overboots to keep deep powder snow from sifting in the boots and causing frostbite. Our equipment also included tents, cooking gear and stoves, cameras, shotguns, and a rifle.

Once in Huanatuyo, we had to recruit porters with



Locally recruited porter at Huanatuyo shoulders some of party's ton and a half of equipment



Backdrop for Camp II was view of Trident and Uraccapac

llamas and mules from the neighboring villages to carry all this equipment to the head of the valley where we were going to set up the base camp. The procession wound its way along, past tiny Indian settlements and broad meadows where herds of alpaca were grazing. We pitched our base camp in the shelter of a jumble of enormous boulders beside a tumbling glacial stream. Fortunately, we were able to shoot many *viscacha* (rock rabbits) and a few geese and ducks so that we could have fresh meat here and save our canned stews, beef, sausages, and corned beef for the higher camps.

Dominating our view from base camp was the sheer southwest face of Allinccapac, our main objective, with an elevation of 19,200 feet. This great wall, rising vertically two thousand feet from the glacier, topped with an overhanging ice cap, was for seven weeks to shut off our view of the fairyland of ice and snow that lay beyond. Allinccapac was evidently unclimbable from this side. Even if a climber could establish himself on that wall of rock he would be constantly threatened by avalanches from the ice cap above. Japuma, a snow dome 18,000 feet high that lay to the southwest, had been conquered by a geological expedition from England some years ago. Between it and Allinccapac was a snowy col, from which we hoped to see an easy way up the back of the latter.

The climb to the top of the col was easy at first, up pleasant slopes and llama tracks, but soon we were floundering with our heavy loads on shifting slopes of rock debris and picking our way across a maze of loosely poised boulders. We were all suffering from the headaches and general lassitude of *soroche*, and found this stretch very trying. We had to make this same climb many times in the succeeding days, and even after the *soroche* wore off we disliked it.

On top of the col, where we established Camp I, we could see far out over the Vilcanota range to the northwest, culminating in the superb summit of Ausangate (20,187 feet). To the north, as far as the eye could see, clouds boiled up over the jungles of eastern Peru and Brazil. Nearer, across a huge, crevassed snow field to the northeast, lay the beautiful but inaccessible-looking summit we named Trident (18,200 feet). The northeast end



*Sheer southwest face of Allinccapac is topped by ice plateau. 19,200-foot summit dominates view from base camp*

of the Allinccapac massif, resembling the prow of a gigantic ship, thrust itself into the sky above our heads. We could see no easy approach, so retreated to base camp to plan a detailed reconnaissance.

John and I returned to spend the following night at Camp I, and in the morning we set off across the ice field toward Trident. Allinccapac presented an unbroken rampart of rock as we circled it for three hours, sometimes up to our knees in soft powder snow, sometimes gingerly tiptoeing across fragile ice bridges. Finally, on the opposite side of the mountain from base camp, we saw a steep but climbable tongue of ice that ran up toward the summit ridge. Encouraged, we located a site for Camp II and spent the next two days supplying both camps. Mike and Bob were at Camp II, and the rest of us stayed in Camp I for support. The two of them started out before sun-up across an ice field littered with the debris of old avalanches, and found relatively easy climbing when they got to the tongue of ice that provided the approach. We had learned to be

*Tococcapac from Camp II, where expedition was holed up by severe three-day storm*



*Tracks up Huaynaccapac show route taken by party that almost suffered fatal accident*

wary of avalanches on steep powder snow banks in the Alps and Himalayas, but here in Peru we found that we were perfectly safe on slopes of up to sixty degrees. The steel-spiked crampons on Bob's and Mike's boots made for sure footing, although it was necessary to cut steps with ice axes toward the top. After a bit of delicate maneuvering in and over an ice cave in the peak's cap, they tiptoed along a narrow crest of ice to the summit and were able to look almost straight down to the base camp three thousand feet below. Two days later the rest of us made the same ascent, and as we munched candy bars and enjoyed the sunshine we took bearings on the summits around us and planned for their conquest.

We returned for a feast of celebration at base camp, and within three days were back at Camp I, ready for an assault on Huaynaccapac, the second highest mountain of the group (18,900 feet). Nature had other ideas. A storm blew up that night and confined us to our small mountain tents for three days. A ferocious wind plucked at the canvas and hurled snow at us with such force that it penetrated the tightly closed entrances of the tents and drifted up inside. Small comfort that we didn't have to leave the tents to collect snow to melt for drinking water! When the storm ended there was too much powder snow to do any climbing for a few days, so we returned to base camp below the snow line to rest and eat some fresh meat

before trying again.

The second try on Huaynaccapac was successful, but on the way up a mishap occurred that could have been fatal to three of our group. They had crossed a wide crevasse without incident with the help of *étriers*, light rope ladders of two or three rungs that were fixed to the ice by pitons. Then they were inching their way up a three hundred foot ice wall by cutting steps all the way when Bob, who was leading, suddenly shouted down that he felt very faint. He barely managed to dig in his ice axe and loop the safety rope around it before he passed out and dangled there upside down. The others were helpless below him; if he had not had the presence of mind to protect himself before blacking out they would probably have been unable to check a fall on such a steep slope. But Bob soon recovered and climbed on. We still don't know what caused him to pass out, because he seemed fit at the time and had no further trouble. Besides, he was a doctor, well capable of judging his own condition.

The only two peaks with accepted names in this range were Allinccapac, which means Good Rich One in Quechua, and Huaynaccapac, which means Strong Rich One. In addition to these, we climbed six more virgin mountains and gave our own names to some of them. The third highest peak in the area, 18,650 feet, we named Tococapac (Hollow Rich One) because of its remarkable summit with a great wave of ice curled over, forming a cave. The fourth highest, a beautiful fluted ice peak 18,450 feet high, we called Uraccapac (White Rich One). Both of these names, along with Trident, were submitted to the Geographical Institute of Lima, of which we were made

honorary members, and we hope that they will be officially accepted.

More or less for our own use we named an 18,300 foot subsidiary summit of Allinccapac "Pico Carol," after Mike's wife. From an 18,000-foot peak that we climbed as a viewpoint, and therefore called Recce Peak, we saw a group of mountains at about the same elevation—great crumbling rock towers crowned with fantastic structures of ice. They were very beautiful, but we decided their ascent would be too difficult to be worthwhile. Their shapes suggested to us such names as Tower, Screwdriver, Wedge, and Cornice.

When we had done enough climbing to satisfy us, we spent a few weeks traveling in the valley on horseback and foot, looking around and making a rough map of the area. We were impressed with the kindness of the poor but cheerful Indians who gave us food and let us sleep in their huts.

But the mountains are what brought us to the region and it is the mountains that we will remember best. As far as the climbing is concerned, these Andes, like the Himalayas, present mainly challenges of climbs over snow and ice. In the Alps, where we had done most of our previous mountaineering, great rock ridges and faces offer the most fascinating problems. Many times in Peru the crumbling rock faces gave no promise of a route, and our only possible way to the summit lay up steep ice and snow faces and ridges. Scenically, this region is unrivaled in our experience. It lacks the savage splendor of the Himalayas, but these fantastic rock spires and tortured ice cornices have a beauty all their own. ☞

*Climbers cross powder snow toward Allinccapac. Directly below Pico Carol at right are three tents of Camp II*





**FELIPE HERRERA**

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, as the work of the Inter-American Development Bank got under way, we were pleased to find that the work of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council (IA-ECOSOC) and the UN Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA) had paved the road for us in several respects. It has often been said that Latin America lacks over-all programs for economic development and seldom has worthwhile specific projects to present. Our experience has been somewhat different—we have found through our contacts with the governments that they have considerably matured in regard to over-all economic planning. In practically every country we have found very clear, well-defined ideas as to how to proceed with measures destined to stimulate and increase their economic development.

Partially responsible for this situation, I feel, are the years of work and discussions of the IA-ECOSOC, the various economic and technical meetings sponsored by the OAS, and the noteworthy work of ECLA. We found this growing interest in over-all and specific plans accentuated in the recent meeting in Bogotá, and in the Act of Bogotá. It seems more than a coincidence that the new objectives of the Bank are intimately tied in with the effort of coordination and cooperation with the economic and social elements of the OAS and with ECLA. I believe that the Act of Bogotá clearly recognizes the separation of fields under which we are operating. The OAS, through the IA-ECOSOC, is the forum where the governments can discuss, on a broad basis, their programs, their priorities, and their needs; ECLA is an organ for research, technical assistance, and aid to governments in the drafting of economic policy; while the Bank, building on this preparation and this determination of objectives, is to trans-

late aspirations into concrete projects that will later be financed. This is why we consider coordination, complementation, and cooperation among these three organs fundamental in order to bring about more massive investment of resources in Latin America.

Therefore, we were especially pleased by OAS Secretary General José A. Mora's invitation to the Bank and ECLA to form with him an *ad hoc* committee for collaboration. We have not called it a coordinating committee because it is to go beyond that; it is a question of seeing what programs and actions we can undertake together. We have high hopes for this committee. In one hour of discussion with Dr. Mora and Dr. Raúl Prebisch, Director of ECLA,

## WHAT THE BANK IS

some practical agreements that had been impossible to obtain over the years were reached. What impressed me most about this committee—which is not the first I have been on—was that at its initial session no time was wasted drafting regulations. We know what happens to committees that spend a great part of their time on such procedural matters, and I am convinced that my colleagues on this committee agree with me that it should remain without formal regulations and function flexibly.

We in the Bank believe that this joint endeavor can be applied in very important fields. One area, which we have already mentioned, is that of over-all programming to assign priorities to the various phases of national and regional economic development. The three organs have the same goal and it seems only logical that they should work together in this regard. We have already discussed the idea of making up joint missions to deal with this task. Another pressing need is the training of experts in economic development fields, and here too we can combine our efforts. The Bank will be glad to help train economic specialists for development programs. And the joint publication of annual studies of the area and of individual countries, on which we have agreed in principle, should be very helpful.

The Inter-American Bank officially began operations on October 1, 1960. As of that date we had actually received 99.6 per cent of the first quota of our capital. Only one country, due to political circumstances, did not make its payment. This success is indicative of the great interest the American countries have taken in this financial institution, and of the maturity that we Latin Americans have reached in these questions of finance and banking.

We have completed the first phase of our organization. The Bank has sought its personnel, when possible, in the member countries. With the help of the central banks, private banks, development organizations, and universities, we have at least partly disproved the idea that Latin



America has no experts properly prepared to work for these international goals. We found experts, not only of quality but in quantity. It is true that we must be patient when hunting for them; it is true that we must often make allowances for language difficulties, especially when they must work outside their own countries. It is also indispensable to give this personnel adequate compensation to make up for having to give up or interrupt careers and transfer themselves and their families to Washington.

Since October we have been receiving loan applications from countries and private concerns. Two much-discussed dangers never materialized. The first was that we would receive few applications or none at all, because

ing our resources toward the countries that need them most urgently. In line with this policy, we have sent missions to various places, particularly Bolivia, Paraguay, and Haiti.

I should also like to emphasize the Bank's close ties with the plans for developing regional markets. One of my first liaison tasks was a visit to Montevideo to put myself in contact with the Preparatory Committee of the Latin American Free Trade Association. This coordination is working well. We are now making joint studies that should develop certain procedures and techniques for financing regional integration. We are of the school that holds that to form these regional markets it is not enough to drop or ease tariffs and duties—we must create financial mechanisms that can effectively stimulate an increase in production and develop businesses on a regional scale.

Also, since its beginnings, we have been in close contact with the Central American countries concerning the creation of the Central American Bank for Economic Integration. Our bank was the first to welcome the establishment of that specialized bank as a fundamental complement to our efforts. Our building also served as the site for the negotiations on the drafting of the Central American Bank's statutes, and our experts provided technical assistance in this and in planning the organization of this new sister agency.

In the name of our Bank's directors I would like to express my appreciation for the great understanding shown by the United States in negotiations with us concerning the Social Development Fund that was welcomed in the Act of Bogotá. The agreement that we have been working on for the past two months is designed to make the Bank a trust administrator for a substantial part of those U.S. funds. I feel I should especially mention the efforts of Under-Secretary Dillon, Ambassador Bonsal, and Assistant Secretaries Mann and Upton. The negotiations are nearly completed, and in a short while we should be able to provide the governments, through our Board of Executive Directors, with a draft plan for administration of these funds.

Of course, putting the Social Development Fund into operation depends upon appropriation of the necessary money by the U.S. Congress. We hope that this will take place within a few months. However, as soon as we finish the current negotiations the Bank will be ready to receive applications from countries desiring to make use of these funds, because we don't want to lose any time. I believe that all our agencies should operate with this philosophy of flexibility and sometimes depart from formalities and purely juridical procedures. We want to implement the Act of Bogotá as quickly as possible.

All our regional organizations are being inspired by a basic, fundamental concept: that expert aid is not enough and theoretical plans are not enough, unless our countries are fully convinced of the necessity for economic development and show it through their own acts, especially by making the institutional changes that are necessary for the effective orientation of our development policies. ☛

## A REPORT FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE INTER-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT BANK

of lack of familiarity with the Bank, lack of projects, or lack of faith in the institution. The second danger, which was widely spread by skeptics even before the Bank was established, was that it would be so swamped with requests that it would not know where to begin. The countries again showed their maturity in presenting specific program projects, and I feel sure that the work of the PAU Department of Economic and Social Affairs and ECLA in recent years had greatly helped prepare them for this. It is obvious that our countries, in contacts with the International Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and U.S. Government agencies, have had a wealth of experience in presenting projects. Our institution naturally is benefiting from this.

In very round numbers, during its first three months of operation the Bank received applications for loans of about one hundred million dollars; we now have paid-in funds of one hundred and fifty million dollars; and we consider that about one third of the applications represent projects eligible for loans. Many of the proposals must be revised and perfected, as is often the case with the proposals received by other financing agencies. But the over-all picture in regard to the loan applications is encouraging and certainly justifies the generous terms of our statutes that permit us to operate freely with the governments; with public institutions such as development corporations and investment companies, to whom we can extend a line of credit; and with private firms. It is through these three channels that we are receiving applications now.

As a matter of policy, many governments—especially those of the countries that have the strongest economies—thought the Bank should concentrate its efforts on the most needy countries and zones. I personally applaud the action taken by the governments of the United States, Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina in the Board of Governors and the Board of Executive Directors, insisting on direct-

# K IS DOING

# BALLET IN CHILE

VICENTE SALAS VIU

ANYONE INTERESTED in the arts in Latin America would be greatly impressed by the excellence of the ballet and modern dance in Chile today. The Chilean National Ballet, supported in its strictly artistic mission by the University of Chile through its Institute of Musical Extension, is undoubtedly more disciplined, richer in creative ability, and more advanced aesthetically than any other ballet company in South America.

Does Chile have a long tradition in the dance to account for this? Not at all. Ballet in Chile has had a past as precarious or more precarious than it has had in the other nations of the southern part of the Hemisphere. In the nineteenth century the only ballets that Chileans saw were those that belonged in operas. They were romantic numbers performed by dancers who visited the country with the opera companies or with some ballet company that passed like a meteor across the stages of Santiago and Valparaíso. Several scenes from *Giselle*—not the complete ballet—and from *El Dios y la Bayadera* were presented by the Aurelie Dimier company in December, 1850. The same group offered *Les Sylphides*, the prima ballerina Taglioni's crowning glory, the following year. More fragments from *Giselle*, repetitions from *Les Sylphides*, and *El Diabolo a Cuatro*, and other short romantic ballets were seen as added attractions during the opera seasons from 1850 to 1870. After that, there was nothing in the rest of the last century and little in the first decades of this one. But that little deserves attention.

During World War I Anna Pavlova's company visited Chile. Since the dancers and dances of the nineteenth century had long been forgotten, this visit was a true revelation to the public: the stage dance could be and was a high form of art. In an environment that was much more receptive to ballet than that of the opera lovers in earlier days, especially because of the widening participation in musical activities in the period, the perform-

ances of Pavlova and her supporting company made a profound impression. One of the Russian dancers in her group, Jan Kamensky, remained in Chile and opened a school that educated the public's taste and paved the way for more ambitious endeavors later.

Performances by dance students and teachers throughout the years between 1920 and 1938 showed repeated attempts to catch up with some of the new trends that appeared in European ballet at the beginning of this century. Outstanding among these attempts were ballets put on by Andrée Haas, professor of eurythmics in the National Conservatory of Music. Her teaching and the ballets she directed, done to music by Debussy, Ravel, and Bartok, molded the young Chilean dancers who were to form the basis of the National Ballet.

These performances, and those of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and of the U.S. Ballet Theater directed by Lincoln Kirstein, around 1939, help explain the impact that the Ballet Jooss made in Santiago in 1940. The presentations of *The Green Table*, *The Great City*, *The Prodigal Son*, and other fine creations of theirs in Chile could not have failed to have important after-effects. The Chilean dancers and theatergoers who paid attention fully appreciated Jooss' expressionism, the strong dramatic content of his works, which had revolutionized the European dance world, and his new concepts of technique. And this opened the way for the introduction of modern ideas in Chilean ballet. Kurt Jooss departed from the tradition of the romantic ballets of the French and Russian schools of the last century, renouncing the rigid distinction between the soloist-virtuoso and the dancing chorus. He did not have certain stars who alone would perform the *entrechats*, arabesques, pirouettes, and *battements*, nor did he believe in maintaining a choral group of less skilled dancers to serve as a backdrop for the stars. For Jooss, all the dancers had to be equally skilled in technique and equally capable of expression, so any member could dance a leading role. The individual and group scenes are linked together to flow continuously without breaks between them or one being considered more important than the next. Jooss' creations are really danced dramas, narrations of events through the dance, in contrast to the purely terpsichorean spectacle of nineteenth-century ballet. Expressionism and naturalism resulted in the German maestro and his pupils abandoning toe dancing and all artificiality and technical exhibitionism.

The Institute of Musical Extension, the crowning point in a long evolutionary process in Chilean musical activity, was founded late in 1940. Under its direction were, and are, the National Symphony Orchestra, a string quartet and other chamber ensembles, and the University



Scene from Chilean National Ballet's production of comic ballet *Alotria*, by Ernst Uthoff to music of Johann Strauss



*Drosselbart (1946) was done to Mozart music with Uthoff choreography*

Chorus. It is responsible for encouraging the writing of music and for making the works of Chilean composers known. The Institute also undertook to organize a modern dance school and later the national ballet company.

In May 1941, Ernst Uthoff, Lola Botka, and Rudolf Pescht, outstanding members of the Jooss company, were engaged by the Institute to teach in the School of the Dance, with Uthoff as director. Mrs. Haas of the Conservatory was also on the faculty. Intensive practice and skilled instruction made it possible in 1942—the same year the school opened—to form a *corps de ballet* from among the more advanced students. It took part in operas presented that September, and in December offered two short ballets with choreography by Uthoff: *Capricho Vienés*, to music by Johann Strauss, and *Sueño* (Dream), to music by the Chilean composer Próspero Bisqueritt. In 1943 the “Group,” as it was called, showed new skills when it participated in the operas *Manon*, *Aïda*, *La Traviata*, *Carmen*, *Rigoletto*, *Andrea Chenier*, and *Lohengrin*, (the last under Kleiber’s direction), and the Chilean opera *Sayeda* by Bisqueritt. The school’s ballet company had clearly become professional by 1945, when it put on its first full-length ballet, Delibes’ *Coppélia*, with choreography by Uthoff. Shortly afterward the company was

put under the wings of the Institute of Musical Extension, and the School of the Dance became part of the National Conservatory of Music.

Ever since the Chilean National Ballet linked up with the Institute, a dependency of the University of Chile, its members have been salaried government employees. They earn enough to devote their full time to dancing and perfecting their technique. Their salaries are not contingent upon the revenue from the company’s performances at home or abroad, so the company does not have to limit itself to guaranteed box-office successes.

Ernst Uthoff, as director and choreographer of the Chilean National Ballet, has remained very faithful to Jooss’ aesthetic and technical principles. Ballets performed in the first years were, in fact, Uthoff’s re-creations of Jooss’ most notable choreographies. From *Coppélia* he moved on in later years to *The Green Table* and *The Great City*, Jooss’ best works—the most meaningful and expressive ones. These efforts could not have been more successful. In *Coppélia*, with leading roles danced by Lola Botka, Uthoff, and Pescht, the Chilean Ballet, faithful to Jooss’ example, gave a new version of that old romantic ballet. Pantomime and dance, and not the artificiality of classic toe dancing, worked together to develop the



National Ballet students practice at the bar



Scene from *The Green Table*, a creation of Kurt Jooss reproduced by Uthoff and the company

dark plot—the magico-mechanical feats of Doctor Coppélius—and bring out the psychological significance of the characters and situations. This attention to the elements in the score—peasant dances, for example—gave new meaning to this ballet, which like its companion *Giselle*, had been a museum piece in the repertoire of classic ballets. Although this anti-classic or modern version of *Coppélia*, following the line of Jooss, was a tremendous success in Chile, it was not such on the Chilean Ballet's tour of Argentina and Uruguay. In those countries, which are more closely linked with classic ballet and opera, the new look given Delibes' old ballet was regarded as almost a desecration.

The process of perfection continued with *Drosselbart* in 1946 and *Joseph-Legende* in 1947. Uthoff was choreographer for both: the first to music by Mozart and the second to music by Richard Strauss. The demanding leading roles, up until then reserved for the teachers, were assumed by students: Patricio Bunster, Héctor Cáceres, María Luisa Solari, and Virginia Roncal.

1948 was a key year in the history of the Chilean National Ballet. The company was now able to put on, and to interpret with great perfection, the most important of

Jooss' creations. Jooss himself was invited by the Institute of Musical Extension to stage *The Green Table*, *Dance in Old Vienna*, *The Great City*, and *Pavan*. But that was not all. He was so satisfied with his experience with the Chilean Ballet Company that he put on a new production here (*Youth*) with music taken from a Handel oratorio and orchestration by the Chilean composer Juan Orrego Salas. This was the high point of the company's early years. Jooss warmly praised the company for capturing the essence of his style in this demanding work.

*Czardas in the Night* by Kodaly in 1949, and *Don Juan* by Gluck in 1950, both with choreography by Uthoff, despite their undeniable beauty, did not measure up to the standard of the earlier offerings. In 1951 the performance of *Threshold of the Dream*, with choreography by María Luisa Solari and music by Juan Orrego Salas, marked the first attempt—although not completely successful—to create and stage a ballet that would be from start to finish the product of Chilean artists. It opened a door for future endeavors.

The period 1952-55 was the most brilliant the Chilean Ballet has had, with performances ranging from *Petrouchka* by Stravinsky to *Carmina Burana* by Orff and *The Prodigal Son* by Prokofieff, all with choreography by Ernst Uthoff. In Stravinsky's ballet the company achieved new heights, which resulted from a fusion of the best elements of its previous performances: colorful, rich psychological interpretation of the characters; excellent handling of the group movements on a large scale—for instance, the carnival crowds in the first and third acts; and variety and richness in the use of folklore. No one could deny that *Petrouchka* with the Jooss aesthetic had much greater meaning than the traditional classic versions of this ballet, even those given by Russian companies between 1911 and 1920. In this presentation as a modern ballet, profound reverberations were set off by the middle act—the scenes in the Moor's room and *Petrouchka's* room—which is always rather dead in the traditional version.

Karl Orff's ballet-oratorio showed Uthoff's creative abilities at their finest. I would venture to say that the Chilean version of *Carmina Burana* in 1953 was better than even the German versions, directed by the composer, that were the only ones in the world before the Chilean. Solo dancers and groups of dancers, solo singers and choruses, and the orchestra, harmoniously accentuating the action, made Uthoff's production an undisputable and undisputed masterpiece. *Carmina Burana* was a tremendous success for the Chilean National Ballet, both at home and abroad. It established new dancing stars—María Elena Aranguiz, Nora Arriagada, Elly Griebe, Oscar Escauriaza, and Heinz Poll. Although *The Prodigal Son* in 1955 had equally good choreography, the dryness of the score—one of Prokofieff's worst—kept it from being received with enthusiasm.

Young Chilean choreographers continued to create ballets during the 1952-1955 period. Noteworthy efforts were Stravinsky's *Orpheus* with choreography by Heinz Poll, in 1952; *Nets*, to Chilean Urrutia Blondel's orchestration of Domenico Scarlatti's music, with choreography



by Octavio Cintolessi, in the same year; and Walton's *Façade*, with choreography by María Louisa Solari, in 1954. There was a tendency, especially in *Orpheus* and *Nets*, for the Chileans to add elements of the classical ballet to the Jooss-Uthoff dance forms. Uthoff himself included some toe dancing in passages of his comic ballet of 1954, *Alotria*, to music by Johann Strauss. He showed the same indulgence in his production of *Milagro en la Alameda* (Miracle on the Alameda; 1957), based on the 1888 score of *Puppenfee* (The Dolls' Fairy) by the Viennese Josef Bayer.

The years from 1956 to 1960 marked a new phase in the work of the National Ballet. In this period short ballets by new choreographers predominated. In them expressionistic and classical elements were merged, and they showed more objectivity and a simplification of the themes in comparison with the expressionist ballet's psychologically complex characters. In a word, neo-classicism, as opposed to the romanticism underlying every expressionist current. This has led to more exhibition of technique or virtuosity in the dance, and an imposition of the so-called "pure dance" on the narrative "dance-drama."

The best examples from this period were Hanz Zullig's *Fantasia*, to music by Schubert, and Patricio Bunster's *Caulacán*, to music by the Mexican composer Carlos Chávez. *Fantasia*, clearly neo-classic, abstract, and subtle and melodious in both dance and music, was one of the most perfect ballets performed by the National Ballet in recent years. *Caulacán* is something else again. Using stylized archaic rhythms of America, it deals with the conflict between the Chilean Indians and the Spanish conquistadors, but with as little direct recourse to folklore or the local stock, and as strong a modern impetus as in Nijinsky's choreography for Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The Chilean creation is of course much more modest than *Le Sacre*, but it is a fine short ballet. Patricio Bunster, Uthoff's pupil as a dancer and to some extent as a choreographer, had previously done a pantomime ballet on Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne*. It was a delicate thing, with great purity of lines, but only a first step.

In addition to the National Ballet, there are some other companies that should be mentioned, although they have not matched it in quality, continuity, or significance.

The Classical Ballet directed by Vadim Sulima has

been giving major performances since 1952. Sulima arrived in Chile shortly after the end of World War II from Russia, where he had been trained in the classical tradition, with his wife, an excellent ballerina. They undertook to create a ballet company in Chile to maintain that tradition, in open contrast to the modernism of the National Ballet. The company got its start replacing the National Ballet in the ballet scenes in the operas at Santiago's Municipal Theater. On the side, it gave performances of scenes from *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, and *Les Sylphides*. But, in spite of the zeal of the Sulimas, their Classical Ballet gave only a vague suggestion of what a company of this sort should be. Except for one or two, the young dancers showed only enough skill to be a backdrop to the Sulimas themselves.

In 1952 they performed *The Fountain of Bakhtchisaray*, with choreography by Vadim Sulima to music by Boris Asafiev, followed soon afterward by *Mascarade*, to music from Khachaturian's *Gayane*. The Chilean versions of these ballets were merely very modest reproductions of that mixture of classical ballet with Moscovite spectacle and orientalism that is characteristic of Soviet theatrical dance. A ballet based on a popular legend, with a score by Salvador Candiani taken from Chilean folklore, produced no better results. The strange fusion of classical pantomime, traditional dance, and popular *criollo* rhythms could not satisfy even the kindest critics.

Carlos Zsedenyi, a Hungarian ballet master living in Chile, about 1954 founded a company and starred in *The Wooden Prince*, with music by Bela Bartok, and another work on a popular Chilean legend, *El Peine de Oro* (The Gold Comb), by Roberto Falabella. If the production was not very convincing, at least Zsedenyi's experience left its mark on his pupils. A great many of the most skilled young dancers in Chile have passed through Zsedenyi's school, and some of his alumni have joined the National Ballet.

After the failure of the Sulimas' performances, the Municipal Theater has welcomed the founding of a new ballet company, still following the traditional lines of the romantic dance of the last century, with some renovations. In late 1959 and 1960 the Modern Art Ballet, as the new company is called, has put on *Les Sylphides*, with choreography by its director, Octavio Cintolessi, and other numbers. But it is too early to judge its efforts. ☞

Last act scene of Carmina Burana, German ballet in which Chilean company triumphed





# SPEAKING OF

## THE UNITED STATES

### A Survey of Recent Cultural Trends

JOSÉ FERRATER MORA

TO TRY TO TAKE an inventory of the cultural trends during a period of six months in a country with one hundred and eighty million inhabitants is ridiculous. It would be equally so if the inventory were to cover three weeks in a nation of four million people. The ridiculous part of it is that, by trying hard to say something significant, one ends up saying nothing at all. Let us suppose we tried to make a selective inventory that would give an idea of which novels were most important, or aroused the most stir; of the new plays that were worthy of note; of the movies that were not completely stupid; of the Nobel Prizes received, or about to be received; of the philosophical or pseudophilosophical systems engendered during the half year, and so on, until the repertory was exhausted. Even with these precautions, would not the result be as close as one could come to chaos?

If this were not enough, the ridiculousness would be increased by the arbitrariness of the period chosen. Six months? Why not nine? Or, like a jail sentence, five months and a day? Cultural trends don't usually develop at fixed intervals. Some ideas, produced perhaps five years ago, went unnoticed at the time, and it is only now that they are beginning to be discussed and to attract public attention. Should they, then, be excluded? Or should excuses be made for not having noticed them earlier? However you look at it, writing a few pages on the cultural trends in the United States, or in Paraguay, or even in Dutch Guiana, during the last six months, is an absurd undertaking that is bound to fail.

Fortunately, the editors of *AMÉRICAS* who asked me to undertake this do not ask for utopias, or nonsense either. They suggested several possibilities: new names, trends that had dropped off and others that had grown stronger, books of particular importance, influences from abroad, and so on. But they made it very clear that they were not looking for a list of events, or a catalogue of expositions,

or book reviews, but "a general idea of the direction intellectual life has taken in a particular part of the world." This, which seems vague enough, is the only feasible plan. I shall abide by it. The present article, and those that may follow it, will not attempt to tell what has happened, because no one, least of all myself, knows what has happened. It will merely attempt to pick out some significant cultural activity that has in some way made its mark on the life of the country or has reflected some of the most basic preoccupations of life here. My article will not be a model of information. It will not even be a model of precision as to the time covered. The activity referred to may not, and usually will not, be strictly limited to a definite period. But I hope this will at least be an attempt at understanding.

If I were asked which recent cultural activities in the United States have shown clearly definable trends, and which have been most closely geared to the general concerns of the public (that is, the public that is willing to take an interest in such activities), I would answer without hesitation: "Those in which some form of 'social thinking' is manifested."

I have no doubt that in the United States there were scientific discoveries of some importance during the last six months of 1960 and, a fortiori, during the whole year. *Time* magazine, in its last number of the year, or its first number of the following year, always puts on its cover the picture of the person whom the editors (I suppose after violent debates, unless it is by some unappealable decision) consider "the man (or woman) of the year." It may be that at the end of 1960 they found no one on whom to bestow such an enviable, if ephemeral, distinction—or, what amounts to the same thing, they found too many. The fact is that the cover this year does not have on it any of the familiar faces: De Gaulle, Churchill, Eisenhower, Adenauer, Khrushchev, Mao Tse-

tung, Marilyn Monroe, or the coach of the Philadelphia Eagles (whoever that may be). They were the faces of scientists: fifteen, no less, and some, like Van Allen, Pauling, Teller, or Segrè, undeniably famous. They deserved it—if that matters to them. But although some of the discoveries made by these men during 1960 were notable, they were not comparable to scientific feats like the demonstration by Yang and Lee, three years ago, that the principle of parity in weak interactions of sub-atomic particles can be thrown on the trash heap. The same thing happened—or, rather, failed to happen, in other fields. Some quite readable novels have been published, but there are grave doubts that they have revealed a Proust, or even a Vladimir Nabokov. Some films have been produced that have no resemblance to those dreadful historical machines that are the delight of old and young. It is a mistake to believe that nothing is made in the United States except monstrosities like *Ben Hur* (in Superarchitechnicolor) or *Spartacus*, although there is a decided tendency toward Supertechnirama. From the United States also came, recently, *Private Property*, which, incidentally but not accidentally, has caused more ink to flow in Paris than in New York. With less pretensions to representing a “new wave,” another 1960 picture was subtly American: *The Apartment*. The list could go on: a new work by Tennessee Williams (*Period of Adjustment*), a new rash of musical comedies. People continued to fill the theaters for *My Fair Lady*—which is passable—and until recently, for *West Side Story*—which is admirable. But none of this, so far as I know or presume, is comparable in scope or in probable influence on the culture to what I have called the manifestations of “social thinking.” Many other things have happened, and

have been thought of, but they merit a separate article.

Let me specify what I understand by “social thinking.” It is not, at least not exclusively, the province of professional sociologists, especially of those who have spent the best years of their lives classifying and measuring everything, from the trend toward child marriage to the ulcers of businessmen. Neither is it more or less free speculation about the general course of society in general. It is a way of thinking that is at once general and concrete, that arises from a particular historical situation and that attempts to clarify its structure and significance. The data it makes use of are those accumulated by statisticians of all kinds. But on these it builds, a line of thinking addressed to questions like the following: Who are we, the people of the United States? What is the social world around us? Are we, in this world, what the other people say we are, what we believe ourselves to be, or what we ought to be?

A not inconsiderable part of this social thinking has come out of an analysis of the economic conditions of U.S. life, and of its repercussions on the public consciousness. This began three years ago. Let us recall the first of three forceful books by Vance Packard: *The Hidden Persuaders*. The American public bemoans (at the same time that it delights in) the hurricanes of commercial propaganda. It comes in every form: ostentatious, insinuating, insistent, whispered; visible and invisible; conscious, unconscious, and subconscious. Are we going to become a society dominated by the categorical imperative, “Buy (and pay)”? Above all, are we going to become a nation that has lost the ability to distinguish between the necessary and the unnecessary, between the important and the insignificant? The problems brought



Vance Packard



W. W. Rostow

out by Packard's work continue to disturb the public. They are still debated. It would be a mistake to believe that they have called forth only remorseful cries of "*Mea culpa*." Are not the diagnoses of Packard based on an erroneous—and vague—idea of what the "human necessities" are? Is it possible to draw a dividing line that would not be continuously shifting, between "the necessary" and "the sufficient"? In any event, the discussions have implied that this economic question is also, or perhaps is fundamentally, a human question. It is a question that must arise in any society in which to live is in large measure to consume.

Vance Packard's second recent book has tackled the problem of stratification in United States society. Unfortunately, the author has carried his thesis that it is a highly stratified society to such lengths that the argument defeats itself. If merely aspiring to a higher social rank is proof of excessive stratification, then every society, from that in the United States to the Papuan, is almost completely stratified. The *Status Seekers* could have elucidated a real problem, but Packard has here contented himself with a fictitious one. On the other hand, in *The Waste Makers*, Packard has turned his attention again to the first problem: whether a society can maintain a minimum of decency and even happiness, if all its economic activity centers about voracious consumption and the "built-in obsolescence" of what it consumes.

These books are a repertory of data and denunciation. But also of doubts and uncertainties: those characteristics of any society during the period of "high mass-consumption." This expression has an exact meaning in the work of another of the "social thinkers" in the United States today, W. W. Rostow, entitled *The Stages of Economic Growth, A Non-Communist Manifesto*. Preceding this period of high consumption there are, according to Rostow, the following phases: the traditional society; the pre-conditions for take-off; the take-off; and the drive to maturity. Can we foresee the phase that follows high mass-consumption? Rostow believes so: the stage he calls "beyond high mass-consumption," in which the economy, because it is established on a solid basis is, even then, not historically determinate. In this way economic determinism is overcome.

Well and good, but there is a curious aspect to Rostow's work. The author presents himself as a kind of "advanced conservative"; as one who, naturally, is not willing to allow himself to be deceived by the over-simplifications of Marxist theories. But whether the connecting lines between the economic and the non-economic are drawn with sufficient clarity in Rostow's thinking is open to question. He proclaims that history is not determined by economics only. But there seems to be only one of his phases in which this occurs: the one called "beyond high mass-consumption." And this begins to look suspiciously like the Marxist phase of "leap to freedom." These hasty comments do not, of course, do justice to the thinking of Rostow, which is quite complex. But, after all, Rostow is not a philosopher; he is an economist. And what his book shows is that the social thinking that I am talking about, however suggestive it may be, still lacks a philo-

sophical basis. Seeing how economic development is integrated or may be integrated with other forms of human activity is one of the major themes of our times. The philosophers have tended to simplify it: they have leaned either toward radical materialism or toward gaunt idealism. If the present social thinking in the United States prepares the way for some future minds to achieve an understanding of human history that is neither pure speculation nor an assemblage of meaningless data, it will have done something not to be discounted.

But let us not digress into the philosophy of the future. At the moment, our social thinkers are concerned almost exclusively with examining the historical and economic conditions of United States society and the problem that faces the United States, with those conditions, in the midst of a world in ferment. Some works of social psychology such as the recent book by Paul Goodman *Growing Up Absurd: Problems of Youth in the Organized System* fall in this category. In the same vein are the works of two authors, unlike in every other way, that are causing, or can cause, a great deal of talk: C. Wright Mills and John Kenneth Galbraith.

C. Wright Mills is not, as the term is used here, a social thinker in the strictest sense. Certainly his thinking is neither purely sociological nor merely statistical. Mills attempts to develop a kind of sociological thinking that has obvious Weberian roots. But, as opposed to Max Weber, Mills does not seem to be much concerned with the historical. Social thinking is, for him, contemporary social thinking. Even more, it is contemporary political thinking. His most recent work, *Listen, Yankee*, shows his intentions more openly than ever. Mills wants to present a case to the people of the United States: the Cuban case. He does not present it in the form of "an objective appraisal of the Cuban revolution," but as a "voice"; the voice of the Cuban revolutionary. He has not attempted—he says—either to conceal or to underline the ambiguities. In fact, to him, these contradictions help reveal the attitude of this revolutionary—and, through him, of all Latin American revolutionaries—toward Yankee power. The way he makes this voice heard here is certainly curious. Mills indicates that the people of the United States cannot be well informed about the Cuban case, because the U.S. communication media misrepresent it—some, through pure ignorance; others, because of their own interests; the rest, in order to please the public. But it turns out that Mills' book is published by no less a company than McGraw-Hill, and that a portion of it—and not the least aggressive—has appeared in the December 1960 issue of *Harper's Magazine*, which carries an eye-catching Cuban flag on its cover. To think these publishers have done all this only to give the lie to Mills would be too Machiavellian. Whether his presentation of the "case" is curious or not, Mills' concept of it is simple. The people of the United States, he writes, are responsible for the poverty of Latin America for one brutal reason: because of their power. For a society as powerful as that of the United States, even inaction is a form of acting. Furthermore, such a society seems condemned to ignore others—to ignore their misery, their hatred, their curses.



Therefore, Mills says, Cuba offers the Yankees a great opportunity: to understand.

"Social thinking" has here become openly political. For reasons that it would take too long to discuss in detail, this should not surprise us. Galbraith, one of the intellectual advisers of President John F. Kennedy, also starts with the social and arrives at the political, but his point of view and mode of presentation are much less radical than Mills'.

In his book *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith bitterly objects to the conventional images of the U.S. citizen, especially those the citizen has currently formed of himself. His complaints may be summarized in one statement: that the U.S. citizen has tended to overwork his "good conscience." This has led him to believe that his society is the only possible model for all societies, and to practice a policy of keeping a closed mind toward other societies, and even toward the possibility of other social forms in the United States. The solution of economic problems is fundamental and indispensable. But it is not the whole solution. Whatever that may be, it must be confessed that Galbraith does not make it terribly clear. In his most recent book, *The Liberal Hour*, his thinking becomes tenuous to the point where there is nothing by which to grasp hold of it. What he says, in general, is sensible: the machine does not solve everything; to create beauty is more difficult than to create wealth; we should invest less in deodorants and more in education, and so on. Galbraith differs from Mills, also, in paying much more attention to the historical process: he does not see contemporary society in the United States as something born out of nothing, or as something irremediable, or as something that needs to be changed from head to foot, but as a moment in a temporal continuum that is to be understood and, by whatever peaceful and liberal means are possible, modified. But,

like Mills, although for the opposite reasons, Galbraith does not succeed in making his thinking firm enough to resist the pounding of the great intellectual battles that are approaching. Thus, like all the "social thinking" that I have just described in such forced marches, Galbraith's has, along with the undeniable merit of combining facts with reflection, an awareness of reality with thoughtfulness, the weakness of not delving deeply enough into its own assumptions. Only when this operation is performed will it be possible to see what it has meant, even for its best practitioners.

Although confined to "a general idea" this article is evidently less than perfect. As I have referred not only to certain works that have appeared recently, but also to others that are less recent but still influential, I could be asked, for example, why I have not spoken of the questions that the appearance and development of certain human types in United States society continue to excite—for example, the prototype of *The Organization Man*, by W. H. White, Jr.

Obviously, regrettable as it may be, I cannot mention everything. Even less, perhaps, could I complicate the situation by bringing in the curious phenomena of influences that are no less important, but are more ephemeral. More than at any other time in history, people in the United States have been speaking publicly of Buddhism. More specifically, of Zen Buddhism. The books of D. T. Suzuki, for example, are selling like bread—in fact, relatively better than bread, which, in this country, and for good reason, exercises a very modest attraction. Suzuki and Zen Buddhism have been discussed in *Time* and *The New Yorker*, among other publications with large circulations. It would be interesting to see what all this means, even to see whether it doesn't mean absolutely nothing. ☞

Street scene photographed for jacket of recording of "admirable" musical, West Side Story





# books

## RECENT U. S. NON-FICTION

Reviewed by Hubert Herring

For sheer delight, I recommend Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger's series on "The Age of Roosevelt." The third volume, *The Politics of Upheaval*, continues the story through the stormy years 1935-1936, when Franklin Roosevelt's critics began to catch their second wind, and to strike back against him. Some of Schlesinger's detractors speak of his idealization of Roosevelt, dismiss it as "hagiolatry"—there is something in the charge, for the author is so fond of his subject that a rosy glow often appears; but you cannot dismiss this young Harvard professor so lightly, for he is quite aware of Roosevelt's weaknesses. Perhaps not the least of the reasons for the charm of FDR was his delight in improvised panaceas. To the exasperation of his colleagues, he would launch scheme after scheme for the relief of unemployment, quite aware that there would be waste and overlapping, quite content that his trusted lieutenants should disagree noisily, but with sublime optimism that out of the muddle would come a solution of the frightful problems that abounded. Schlesinger exhibits superb artistry in reconstructing the mood of those days, and in bringing the chief characters to life. There was the tumult from the lunatic fringe—Huey Long, Coughlin, Townsend with all their noisy panaceas. There were the varied men around FDR, often bril-

liant, usually erratic, and mutually suspicious—Harry Hopkins, Harold Ickes, Rexford Tugwell, Raymond Moley, Henry Morgenthau. There were many brave and imaginative plunges into untried areas, many reverses, many successes. Historians will be writing about FDR and his times for many decades. Schlesinger is breaking the ground for many who will come after him in telling and retelling the story of one of the most dramatic periods in the life of the United States, and of the world.

If I were to pick one man who writes most incisively about the United States, it would be D. W. Brogan of the University of Cambridge. For years he has shuttled back and forth between England and the United States, and he always has something of great importance to say to his American hosts. In his current *America in the Modern World* he puts his finger on the quandary in which the citizens of the United States find themselves: "... the world that the American today is forced to regard and fear is one that he feels little responsibility for making and little consequent capacity for understanding." And so the American, according to Brogan, when confronted by a world that seems to have followed wrong paths, tends "to think up ways of converting the inferior European or Asian model into a 100 per cent imitation of the 100 per cent American businessman." Harsh as this may sound, Brogan has much good to say of the progress in the United States toward democratic controls, of the contribution of education, of the development of a national culture. "American life," he writes, "will be richer and more seductive if it permits and encourages the really exceptional, the really original man to pursue his bent..."

William L. Shirer's book on Nazi Germany, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, is monumental, painfully accurate, and utterly terrifying. The author has lived with his subject for many years, and he writes of the Germany that he knew intimately, and of the Germans with whom he spent many years. It is as nearly objective as any record can be. All who remember his *Berlin Diary* will turn eagerly to this mature work of observation and scholarship.

D. S. Saund of California was born in Amritsar in India, and he was the first person of Asiatic birth to be elected to the American Congress. His *Congressman from India* is an exciting account of his early life, his education in the United States, and his career in farming and now in politics. But, to me, the chief interest of this man and his book is the reminder they offer that the United States is gradually becoming accustomed to having men of many nations and races in positions of trust. It is significant that Congress today has members whose ancestors were Indian, Japanese, Chinese. No longer is public office reserved for those who inherit the traditions of northern Europe. The "melting pot" does exist, and it is notable that each year the Negro also finds it possible to reach positions of public responsibility. No reasonable citizen of the United States can deny that there are grievous denials of fair play to members of other races; recent events in Little Rock and New Orleans remind us of the frightful excesses of the mob. But we of the United States are proud that our nation moves, even though haltingly, toward the day when

there will be no discrimination against any man on account of his race or creed.

*Mark Twain Himself* is big, fascinating, handsome. It is a running account of the life and deeds of one of the most useful men who ever lived and wrote in the United States. The text is brief and to the point; the photographs, taken from contemporary newspapers and everywhere else, tell the story from year to year. Mark Twain rendered inestimable service to the American people—he taught them to laugh at themselves. He leveled his guns at vanity, bigotry, complacency. He was tender and he was ruthless. He loved to puncture the solemn pomposities of the self-righteous. Wherever the issues of human freedom were at stake, there Mark Twain added his voice. When Leopold of the Belgians robbed the helpless people of the Congo, Mark's voice was mighty in denunciation. When the Tammany gang defrauded the people of New York, Mark entered the fray. When the Negro was denied fair treatment, Mark Twain stood at his side. A great figure, Mark Twain belongs to the noble line of battlers for life and freedom.

Two little books on Fidel Castro and Cuba deserve mentioning: *Listen, Yankee* by C. Wright Mills, and *Cuba, Anatomy of a Revolution*, by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Both are frankly in defense of the Castro regime. It is good that all sides of such a controversial subject should be frankly aired. Much of the American press has been highly critical of events in Cuba since Castro and his men took over the government on January 1, 1959. If these books serve as a corrective, it is fair and proper. Any objective chronicler of the events of history will be inclined to admit that Cuba was certainly overdue for a revolution—the abuses accumulated over a long period of time called for correction—and he must also admit that revolutions are seldom gentlemanly and pleasant. Mills gives us a strident statement of how the *fidelistas* think and feel, and Huberman and Sweezy present a reasoned account of the social and economic purposes of the Castro revolution. Both books lack, in my opinion, any reasonable interpretation of the generous interest that many citizens of the United States take in the success of the Cuban people in their struggle for peace and national integrity.

Francis Parkman was perhaps the greatest of all United States historians. Writing during the middle decades of the nineteenth century, Parkman brought to life the story of the opening of that area that is now the western part of the United States. It is the vivid record of the struggle between France and England for the frontier lands that lie beyond the Appalachians. He was dramatic, recreating the lands of great forests and roving Indians, and his work stands as the most authentic account of those struggles. In *Letters of Francis Parkman*, in two charming volumes, Professor Jacobs has brought together many of Parkman's letters written between 1841 and 1893. Here we catch intimate pictures of the man himself, his family, and his contemporaries during a half century of active life. One meets the writers of those decades—Henry W. Longfellow, George Bancroft, William Dean Howells, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell,

Oliver Wendell Holmes. If one would understand what happened to the United States during those years, Parkman's letters are a sensitive and stirring introduction.

Harry Golden is something new in the world of American letters. Son of the New York ghetto, pursuing his seemingly aimless way through years of odd jobs and poverty, always scribbling little notes on the life he sees around him, he is today something of a minor prophet among those who are commenting on life in our United States. He has wise and humorous and painful things to say about the way Jews are treated, about prostitutes and beggars and all sorts of people. He strips away much of the nonsense that surrounds such questions as the integration of the schools. He is tender and tough, infinitely compassionate, and brutal. He is writing about human beings whom he loves. His son, who writes the preface to *Enjoy, Enjoy!*, says "He writes his heart out, which, of course, is the secret."

Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review*, is one of the most indefatigable crusaders in the United States. Wherever human freedom is threatened, and wherever modern prophets rise in defense of the rights of man, there you will find Cousins. So one may understand the zest with which this editor-crusader flew to Africa to meet and know the great Albert Schweitzer. He stayed in Lambaréné long enough to meet and talk with the doctor, to watch him at work, to meet the patients who flock to his clinic, and to think about the significance of the man who has given his life to one of the most gallant adventures in history. *Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné* is a fine little book.

All who are interested in the history of the United States will find Paul W. Glad's book on William Jennings Bryan, *The Trumpet Soundeth*, most illuminating. Three times defeated as a candidate for the American presidency, then serving as Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State, Bryan is usually dismissed as a figure of ridicule; a fervid literalist in religion who attacked teachers who dared to espouse the doctrine of evolution instead of sticking by the record in Genesis; a political demagogue with easy panaceas for all human ills; a cheap anti-intellectual who played upon the ignorance of the masses. But Bryan was more than that, and Glad has told the story well. He was fighting the battle for the common man, he was working to make democracy a living force, and he devoted his life to working for peace. That he failed to teach his countrymen any great lessons may be granted, but he helped to break the log jam of traditional party loyalty, and he set many Americans to thinking about their national future.

Robert Shaplen's *Krueger, Genius and Swindler*, is a book for bedtime reading when you do not want to sleep. The Swede who got control of the match business of the world, organized countless subsidiaries and sub-subsidiaries in most of the countries of the world, bribing, forging, and working his crooked way into the confidence of some of the most astute bankers everywhere, was one of the arch-swindlers of all time. He was a superb actor who could carry his assorted villainies against all critics and doubters. For a dozen years he gathered millions of

dollars, spending them on enlarging his network of corporate enterprises. He gathered women as he gathered dollars. Only when the world depression caught up with him in 1932 did his empire crash. Whether there is a moral in the tale, I am not sure, but it is a rousing good tale.

T. S. Matthews' *Name and Address* is one of the most engaging bits of autobiography that has come my way. It is the author's leisurely account of his home upbringing, his schooling, his writing, his work on the old *New Republic*, that glad crusader among the journals, and then his more than twenty years as an editor of *Time*. The journalists do not come off very well under his hand. He lived through his experiences, but his account is satirical. I judge that *Time's* owners and editors do not like this book.

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Volume III of "The Age of Roosevelt"). Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1960. 749 p. \$6.95

AMERICA IN THE MODERN WORLD, by D. W. Brogan. New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 1960. 117 p. \$3.00

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH, A HISTORY OF NAZI GERMANY, by William L. Shirer. New York, Simon and Shuster, 1960. 1,245 p. \$10.00

CONGRESSMAN FROM INDIA, by D. S. Saund. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1960. 192 p. \$3.50

MARK TWAIN HIMSELF, in words and pictures, produced by Milton Meltzer. New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1960. 303 p. \$10.00

LISTEN, YANKEE, by C. Wright Mills. New York, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1960. 192 p. \$3.95

CUBA, ANATOMY OF A REVOLUTION, by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. New York, Monthly Review Press, 1960. 176 p. \$3.50

LETTERS OF FRANCIS PARKMAN, edited and with an introduction by Wilber R. Jacobs. Norman, Oklahoma, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 2 vols (Vol. 1, lxxv and 204 p.; Vol 2, xxxix and 286 p.) \$12.50

ENJOY, ENJOY!, by Harry Golden. Cleveland, The World Publishing Company, 1960. 315 p. \$4.00

DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARÉNÉ, by Norman Cousins. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1960. 254 p. \$3.95

THE TRUMPET SOUNDETH, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AND HIS DEMOCRACY, 1896-1912, by Paul W. Glad. Lincoln, Nebraska, University of Nebraska Press, 1960. 242 p. \$4.75

KRUEGER, GENIUS AND SWINDLER, by Robert Shaplen. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1960. 251 p. \$4.50

NAME AND ADDRESS, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by T. S. Matthews. New York, Simon and Shuster, 1960. 309 p. \$4.50

Professor Hubert Herring of the Claremont Graduate School is AMERICAS' regular book correspondent in the United States.

## PAU MUSIC PUBLICATIONS

Seven new music publications were among those displayed by the Pan American Union at a recent international exhibition in Paris. Worthy of first mention is a 1960 reprint of a publication that has been a perennial best seller since its first edition in 1942. *Music of Latin America* has brief descriptive sections on pre-Columbian, colonial, nineteenth-century, and contemporary music. Music forms in each of the American nations are discussed, and several typical scores and fragments are included. A helpful bibliography lists references in English on Latin American music.

The second volume of *Canciones Para la Juventud de América* (Songs for the Youth of America) completes an effective effort by the School of Music of the University of Chile and the Music Education Association of Chile to select and present a collection of music from various countries and periods for use in classrooms throughout the Americas. Under five main subject headings corresponding to "The Day," "Nature," "Life," "The Divine," and "The Nation" the 173 selections are grouped according to form: pieces for unison singing, canons, pieces for equal voices, and pieces for mixed voices. This and *Music of Latin America* can be ordered directly from the Pan American Union Sales and Promotion Division. Prices are one dollar for *Canciones* and fifty cents for *Music of Latin America*.

The other five publications, which are available only from Peer International Corporation, 1619 Broadway, New York City, are musical scores of individual works: Carlos Rioseco's *Sobre los Angeles* (About the Angels), for voice and piano; Domingo Santa Cruz's *Three Madrigals* for five-part mixed chorus, a cappella; Juan Orrego Salas' *El Alba del Alhelí* (The Fragrant Dawn), ten songs to poems by Rafael Alberti, for voice and piano; Carlos Botto's *Cantos al Amor y a la Muerte* (Songs to Love and Death), for voice and string quartet; and Alfonso Letelier's *Canciones Antiguas* (Ancient Songs), for voice and piano.

A complete listing of recent PAU music publications is available free from the Music Division.



PAU stand at International Exhibition of Music Publications held last October at UNESCO headquarters in Paris





## INDUSTRY FOR INDIANS

*Some solutions to the human problems involved in economic development in Latin America may be suggested by the case study reported by anthropologist Manning Nash in an article, here condensed, that appeared in Science, weekly magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dr. Nash has also written a book, Machine-Age Maya, telling the story of this Guatemalan town in greater detail.*

In the Malay Archipelago, in China, in Africa, and in India the spread of industrial technology and factory production methods has destroyed many aspects of native cultures. Many thinkers have come to regard such destruction as inevitable. Social scientists in particular have almost taken it for granted that industrialization sets up a chain of social and cultural events that sunders the social fabric of peasant and primitive societies. There is evidence, however, that under proper conditions an indigenous, non-Western community can adjust to factory production and still maintain the main features of its own special way of life. A case in point is the coexistence of a textile factory and a peasant society in Cantel, an Indian community located one hundred twenty-five miles west of Guatemala City in the Guatemala highlands. The factory was established some seventy years ago and employs about one quarter of the population. Cantel has the same family structure, the same role in the regional market, the same roster of saints, the same notions of law and justice, the same

basis for status and prestige, and the same quality of social life that it had before the factory was established. Cantel is like the neighboring Indian communities in all respects except that among the economic opportunities that it offers is a wage job at a factory.

The cultural pattern of the Indian communities in the western highlands of Guatemala reflects a blend of Spanish-Indian influences, more or less stabilized in the region some four hundred years ago. The chief features of the pattern are a simple farming technology, without the plow or machine tools; a low level of wealth, without class lines; a political organization, tied to a religion with hierarchy of saints; and a system of markets based on local specialization. Each community in the western highlands has some economic specialty. Markets are held in different communities on different days of the week; people bring their goods to sell, and buy the things they need. The village markets are held in conjunction with central markets held daily in the larger towns.

Witches, spirits, mountain demons, and the personification of many aspects of nature are all part of the culture and world view, as is the use of the old 260-day Maya divinatory calendar.

These Indian societies, while sharing a single broad cultural pattern, vary endlessly in dialect, costume, economic specialty, roster of saints, and sacred ceremonies and even in the physical appearance of their members. Each of the Indian societies is a locally organized culture, distinct from its neighbors

in fact and in its own view, and each is made up of a "people" who have long intermarried and who feel themselves to be an ethnic group with particular characteristics and virtues.

Cantel is a *municipio*, the administrative unit of Guatemala, similar to our township. Within the *municipio* are several settlement patterns. There is a *pueblo*, which also bears the name Cantel. This town center is the administrative, religious, economic, and festival headquarters of the community. Of the community's more than eight thousand inhabitants, slightly over one thousand nine hundred live in the town center. The rest of the population lives in the rural *cantones*, which are agricultural settlements, with house sites scattered among the cultivated fields.

The factory was set up in Pasac, one of the *cantones*, and a second compact settlement developed around it. The introduction of the factory generated some new social pressures. It caused modification of the settlement pattern, for factory workers require a compact residence area. It presented a new economic opportunity, involving new occupational roles and new behavior; . . . it raised the net income of the *municipio*. It brought together workers under central direction in a production unit far greater in scale and in continuity of operation and far more complex in organization than anything Cantel had ever seen before.

For the individual, the radical changes introduced by the factory are more income, more contact with non-kinsmen in the work situation, and a work schedule geared to the factory instead of the farm. The factory worker has, very clearly, a wider range of alternatives than those who are engaged in traditional occupations. And the extent to which the factory workers reorganize their lives governs the degree of shift, modification, and innovation that occurs in the society as a whole. . . .

Cantel was similar to the surrounding Indian communities prior to the building of the factory. . . . This is the only instance of factory production in the region. . . . Altogether, this comes as close to being a "laboratory" situation as the social anthropologist is likely to find.

The study of Cantel sheds light on

the way in which the process of smooth accommodation to industrial production was worked out and, at the same time, adds to our knowledge of the kinds of culture that are compatible with industrialization.

The Cantelenses who work in the factory still maintain the main features of their traditional way of life, but there are some small differences, and some larger differences too, between them and their former neighbors that are worth noting.

Factory workers' houses do not differ from other houses in Cantel in any consistent way. . . . However, certain possessions characterize the domestic economy of factory workers and are largely restricted to them. Radios, wristwatches, bicycles, and canned goods are to be found primarily among factory personnel. . . . Factory families tend to consume the more expensive foods more often and in greater quantity than do farm families.

. . . On fiesta days, the economic advantage of factory work is [also] apparent, for at these times factory workers are uniformly better dressed than farmers and their families. . . .

As for family life, there is virtual identity in the basic pattern of the factory worker's family and of the farmer's. The typical Cantel family is composed of a man, his wife, and their unmarried offspring, all living together in their own household. The family is the unit of consumption, production, worship and ritual, child rearing, and religious activity. It is the family that has a social status in the community, and it is the family, rather than the individuals, that takes its turn in the discharge of civil and religious offices. The families of factory workers and farmers . . . diverge in two respects. First, the greater economic resources of the factory family, in relation to the prevailing income in Cantel, promotes integration of the basic family by resolving some of the tensions that arise from having very limited means. Second, the factory worker takes on the support of his parents, should the need arise, at an early age and under conditions formerly not found in the community. These divergencies have not so differentiated the factory family from the farm family that the potential friction-producing disparities in the

social situation of the two groups are apparent.

In religious life and world view, the factory worker and the farmer of Cantel participate to the same extent in the activities of the Catholic Church and of related secular organizations, . . . and in the folk ceremonies of the corporate religious groups (*cofradías*), and they subscribe about equally to esoteric beliefs and practices. The corporate religious brotherhoods are groups of men who take care of the image of a given saint for a year. They light candles daily and observe the saint's day by celebrating mass and carrying the image in a procession through the streets of the town. Every year the groups change, through a system of communal service and selection.

In addition to Cantel's nominal Catholics, there is a small group of Protestants, numbering about four hundred. Factory workers have turned toward Protestantism with less frequency than have farmers or artisans. Protestantism, in a community like Cantel, is the religion of the marginal man. . . . Cantelenses who feel a desire to reform are those who for some reason are not at ease in their social and cultural environment. The comparative rarity with which workers turn toward Protestantism is an indication that factory employment is not of itself a source of stress.

Unquestioning acceptance of folk ideas of reality is part of everyone's life, irrespective of his occupational role. In Cantel this includes acceptance of folk remedies, origin myths, modes of cure, and the belief that foods and persons are "hot" or "cold," that smoke from candles carries one's prayer to heaven, that the sacrifice of a sheep keeps death from a household, and that an eclipse is a battle between good and evil. . . . Spheres of rationality and irrationality coincide well among factory and nonfactory workers. The factory has not changed traditional beliefs, nor have physical theories involved in the operation of the mill been extended to other areas of Cantel life. Factory workers understand, in empirical terms, how their machines work, and their approach to work is straightforward and technical, not mythopoetic or mystical. But they keep the mystical explanations for

other aspects of their lives. . . .

One area of life where the differences between factory workers and farmers are greater is that of friendship and personal relationships. In traditional Cantel, friendship, in its Western sense, is virtually unknown. One interacts with relatives, not with neighbors or with friends. Before the factory was built there were no associations based on mutual liking or special interest. Fun and play were, and still are, for agriculturalists, part of the functional context of work and worship. The factory workers developed intimate personal bonds and friendships. . . . A union was organized, as were a sports club, a bicycle club, and a basketball team. The union as a political structure was particularly important; . . . it formed a link between the community and the national government and tried to implement the national program of social change.

This union activity in a revolutionary decade in Guatemala, from 1944 to 1954, changed the political structure of the community and lessened the reliance on age and previous service to the community as criteria for leadership in local affairs. . . . Factory production per se does not necessarily lead to a conflict between generations.

The more general explanation of Cantel's smooth accommodation appears to be that only factory production was added to the community, unaccompanied by the simultaneous advent of new ideologies of political and social organization. The factory came into a community in which there had been ethnic continuity. People who were to work in the factory or join new political parties had already worked out a set of social understandings and personal relationships prior to the revolution.

A second factor was that the organization necessary for operation of the industrial firm was carried out beyond the bounds of the local society. The local society was not concerned with those special devices and social arrangements necessary to the operation of a firm in a situation where continued existence may depend upon fine calculation and maximization of production.

Third, there was no effective transfer of the means of social coercion to

persons outside the local society. . . . The old social system continued to be the chief means of achieving prestige and social control. No new social class arose, to try to make over Cantel in its own image, and outsiders could not treat the Cantelenses as so many units of manpower.

To judge from developments in Cantel, a people's ability to accommodate to new cultural forms is intimately related to the degree of control that they possess—or feel they possess—over their social circumstances. Their sense of control seems to stem from freedom to choose how they will combine the new elements, freedom to discard or accept innovations as their consequences become clear. The Cantelenses did not begin to accept the factory until threats of force had been withdrawn. When the factory stopped using national police to round up workers, and when the jailing of objectors had ceased, the people came to the factory, realizing that it afforded a means of implementing some of their goals.

Fourth, the new industry did not compete with established ways of making a living. No significant part of the labor force was removed from farm work and artisan production. . . .

Fifth, the culture and social structure of Cantel contained many elements favorable to industrialization. The Cantelenses were used to handling money, used to appraising the economic advantages of various courses of action. . . . The community as a whole valued industry, thrift, and work, and wealth was considered good. The culture was a receptive one, which for centuries had been selectively incorporating elements from national Guatemalan culture and world society.

Sixth, . . . [there are] restraining mechanisms within the family relative to the disposal of income. Younger sons and daughters turn over their income to their fathers, in either farm or factory families. Parents are able to insist on this because of shortage of houses—there is no place for a child to go unless he builds a house, and this requires parental aid. The tradition of duty to the parents and of the subordination of the child while he lives under his parents' roof, is strong.

The story of Cantel does not mean that the lid is off and that any kind

of productive system and any kind of institutional setting may coexist anywhere, nor does it mean that the introduction and operation of industrial technology can always be a relatively painless process in preindustrial societies. There were special circumstances in Cantel. . . .

Cantel is not the same society it was before the introduction of the factory. But it is still a going concern—a community with a distinctive way of life, rich in local meanings and in patterns of social relations very different from those of the societies which have invented and spread machine technology. Cantel's experience in adjusting to a new economic form means at least this: Factories may be introduced into peasant societies without the drastic chain of social, cultural, and psychological consequences implied in the concept of "revolution."

With Cantelenses working in the factory, the community's relation to surrounding communities has not been much altered. . . .

Recent studies in Pakistan, in India, and in Japan indicate that this is not an isolated, unique occurrence, but that industrialization of peasants and primitives can be a creative social process. Cantel teaches the general lesson that the upheavals in people's lives that often go along with industrialization are not built into the process itself. They are probably the result of an image of man in social change that delineates him as the passive agent mechanically responding to immutable forces, or as the pawn in a political chess game, or as expendable material in an economic plan.

## BRASÍLIA OR BUST

*Eugenio Borro, in this article from Mundo Melhor of São Paulo, Brazil, tells of meeting a traveler bound on a most unusual journey.*

The man in the street is phlegmatic and impassive, often, because he doesn't have an adventurous spirit. Yesterday, when I ventured forth from my house, it was out of necessity.

There are things that make one impatient. Waiting makes me impatient. That was the case when I had to wait

twenty minutes to catch the rickety, reeling bus that runs between my city and a nearby one, where I was going to visit a friend. Twenty minutes marked by the fatality of chance. I was waiting along with some other people who were more complacent, more resigned. Perhaps they weren't looking for adventure in their daily lives and the minutes didn't seem so long to them.

But in the impatience of my anxiety, which was like that of a student with a deadline to meet, I saw an indistinct shape whose heavy boots struck noisily on the rough stones of the narrow sidewalk. Then I could make him out. Or rather, I could make out his uniform. I put myself in front of him, stood up straight, and (in Portuguese) gave the Boy Scout greeting: "Be Prepared."

"Be Prepared!" was his answer, in Spanish.

In an effort to get acquainted with him, I started a conversation.

"Are you from Guará?"

"No. I'm a Chilean."

"A Chilean?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to Guará?"

"Yes."

"On foot?"

"On foot."

"Is that right! I'm a scout too."

"Pleased to meet you!"

Then we shook hands with the special scout grasp. I continued: "Are you alone?"

"No, I'm with my dog."

I took a look at the dog. It was a little police-dog mongrel, happy, spunky, but a little thin.

"And you're going to stay in Guará?"

"No. I'm going to Rio."

"To Rio? On foot?"

"That's right, to Rio on foot."

"On the Dutra Highway?"

"Yes, the Dutra Highway."

"You're going to Rio for a vacation?"

"No, from Rio I'm going on to Brasília."

"You're going to Brasília?"

"Yes, to Brasília." He smiled a little.

"But you're going to Brasília on foot?"

"Yes."

"You came from Chile on foot?"

"That's right, on foot."



Unfortunately, the noisy bus arrived at that moment and I had to say good-by quickly.

"So long, nice to have met you!"

"It's been a pleasure. Be Prepared."

"Be Prepared," I answered and hurried onto the old bus. Through the dingy window I could get a better view of the unusual person who had just exchanged a few words with me in another language. He was of medium height, with bronze skin and a thin, sharp profile. His eyes were those of the Indians of the Pacific coast of South America.

He was, indeed, a descendant of some illustrious Inca. He wore a broad-brimmed scout hat, khaki shirt, blue trousers, green neckerchief, and a green bar sash on his chest and left shoulder. He was an "Explorer." An explorer in every sense. He carried his knapsack and tent on his back. At his waist, his hatchet and knife. He carried a staff with a Brazilian flag, a Chilean flag, and his troop's banner on it.

The bus pulled away jerkily and the form of the Chilean disappeared around the corner of the street. I was alone with my thoughts.

To come from Chile, all alone, on foot, with only a little dog, a knapsack, and a few tools, to go all the way to Brasilia.

For me this seemed premeditated madness. But it couldn't be madness, because a mad or demented person behaves premeditatedly, yes, but in an unfathomable world of personal trauma.

No, the scout whom I had met was not a crazy adventurer.

He was a daring, courageous, stalwart adventurer, who reveled in adventure.

We must admire the Brazilians who, hiking fifty kilometers a day, have covered the distance between Rio and Brasilia. Praiseworthy and patriotic, without a doubt. Deserving of admiration and applause. But the Brazilians went in groups, with supplies transported in cars, with tents and all the gadgets for comfortable camping. And anyway they were Brazilians, and they were hiking for the glory of Brasilia, which is the Brazil of the Brazilians.

But the Chilean was much bolder. He was all alone, away from home, in a country with a different tongue.

He had no overcoat, no covering but a water-resistant tarp. He was without provisions, unknown and among strangers.

Strong-hearted, adventurous, courageous. Defier of bad weather, dominator of nature. Even today strong, adventurous spirits offer a marvelous lesson to jar us from our complacency in everyday comfort.

I also saw in that Chilean the illuminating spark of his tribute to the glory of Brasilia. He wanted to reach the heart of Brazil to feel its marvelous beating. And he certainly will get there, just as he arrived from Chile in this fertile and beautiful valley of Paraiba.

The cold snowy afternoon was clearing up as I left him. In the unfinished sunset, with the sun itself hidden, I looked at the dim stars and the white crescent moon over the mountains.

Be prepared, Chilean! *Bon voyage* to Brasilia.

Happy wandering!

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